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JUL | 76/CDC

all new

The FLINTSTONES STARRING

DINO

a Hanna-Barbera Production

CHARLTON



PUBLICATION



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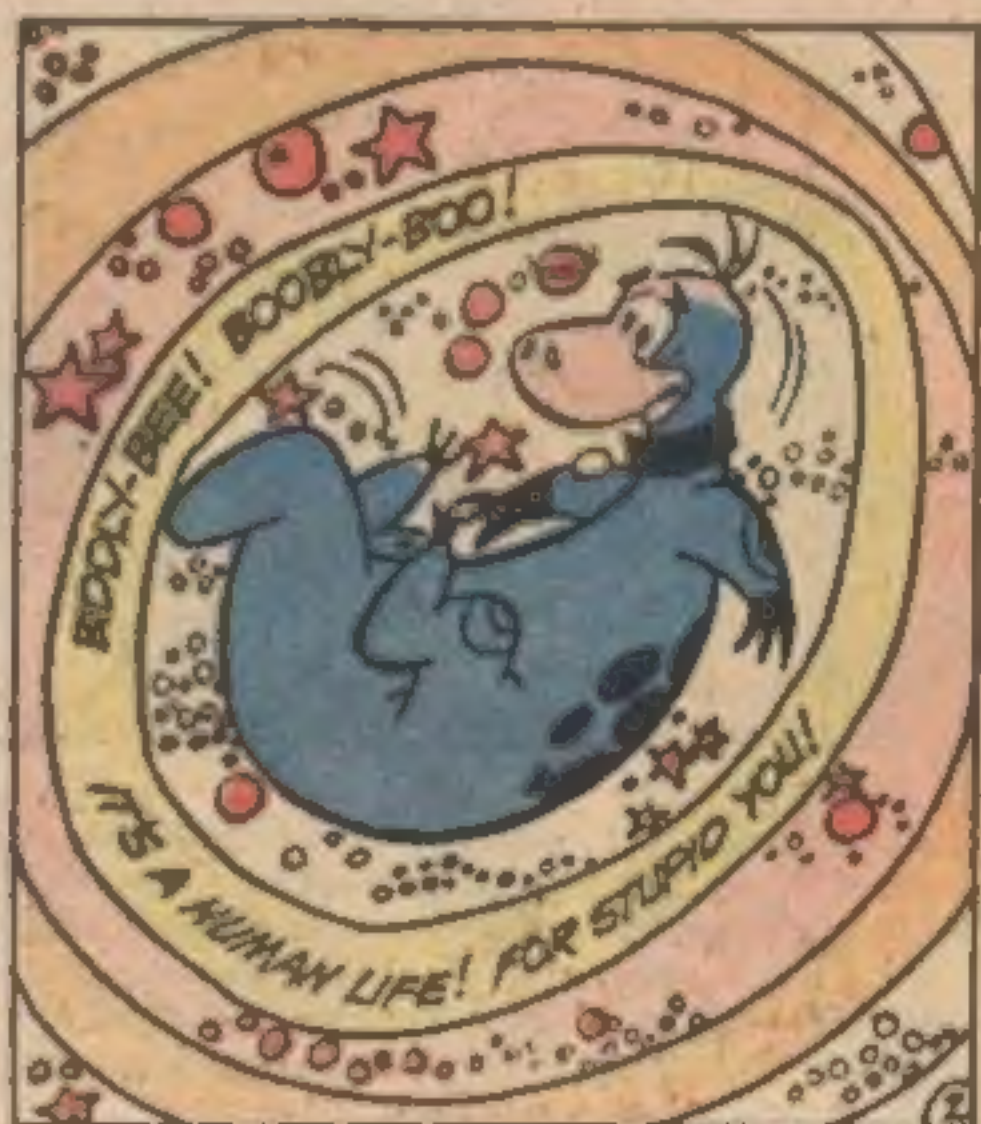
DINO

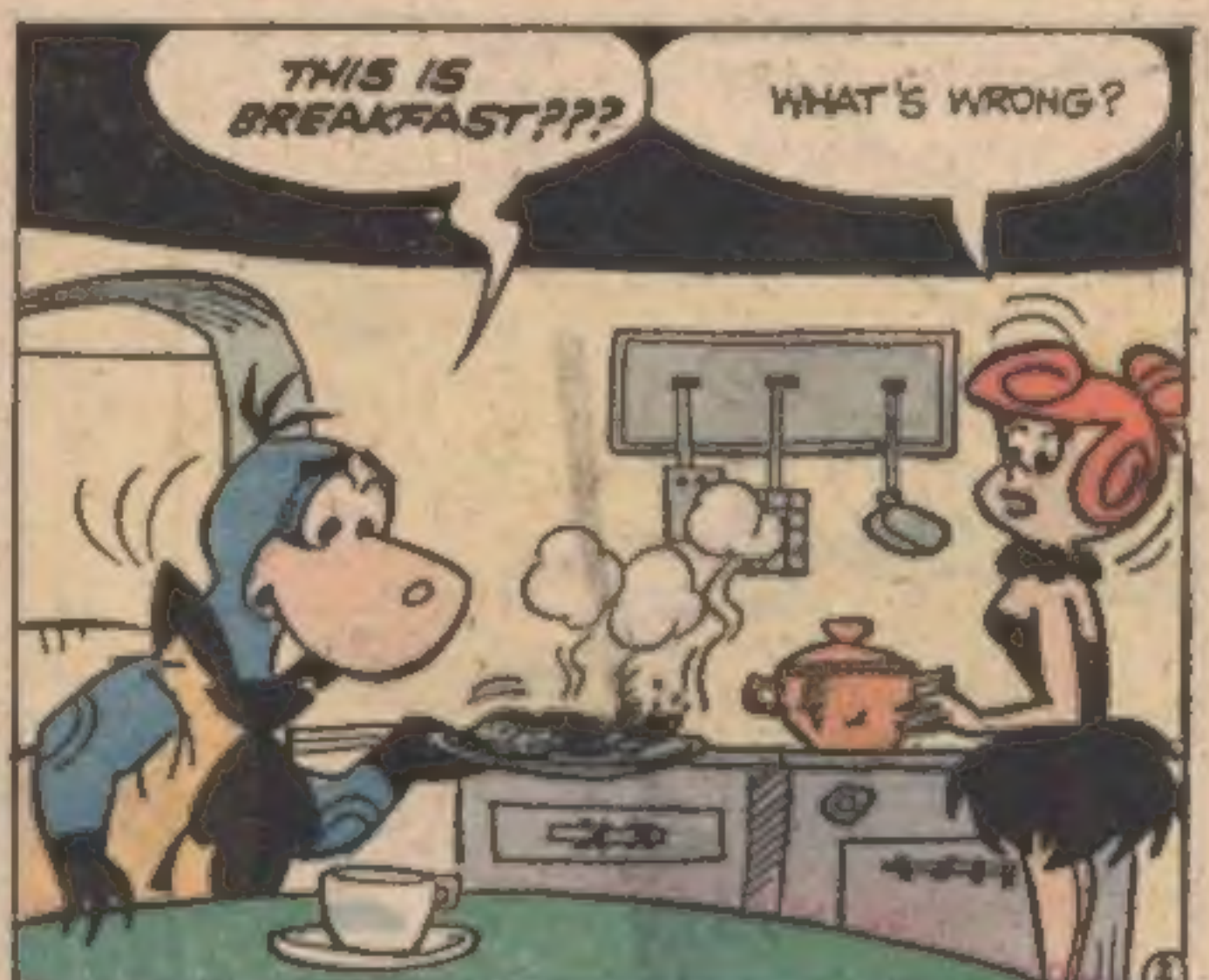
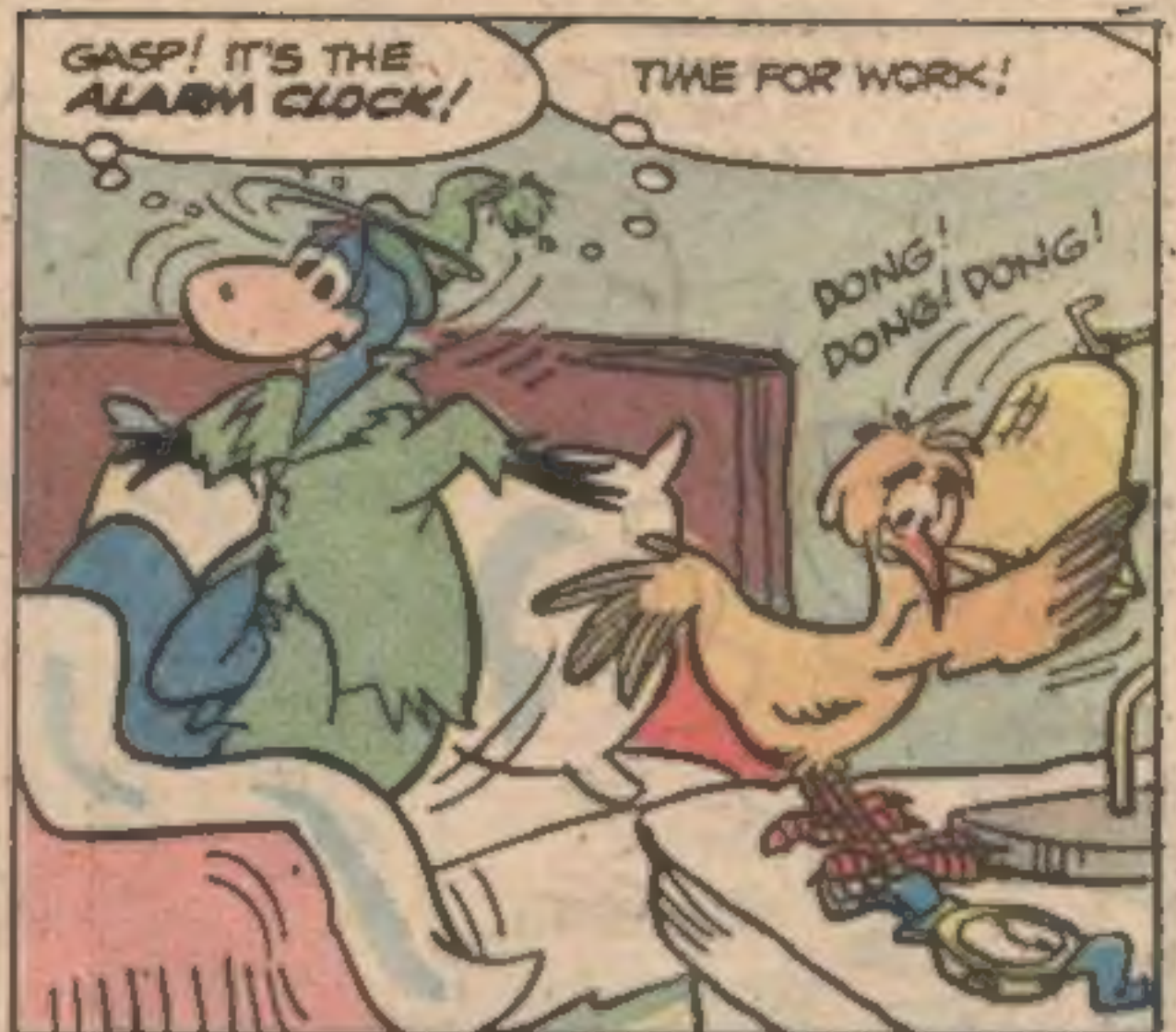
THE WISH!



DINO Vol. 4, No. 17, July, 1976.

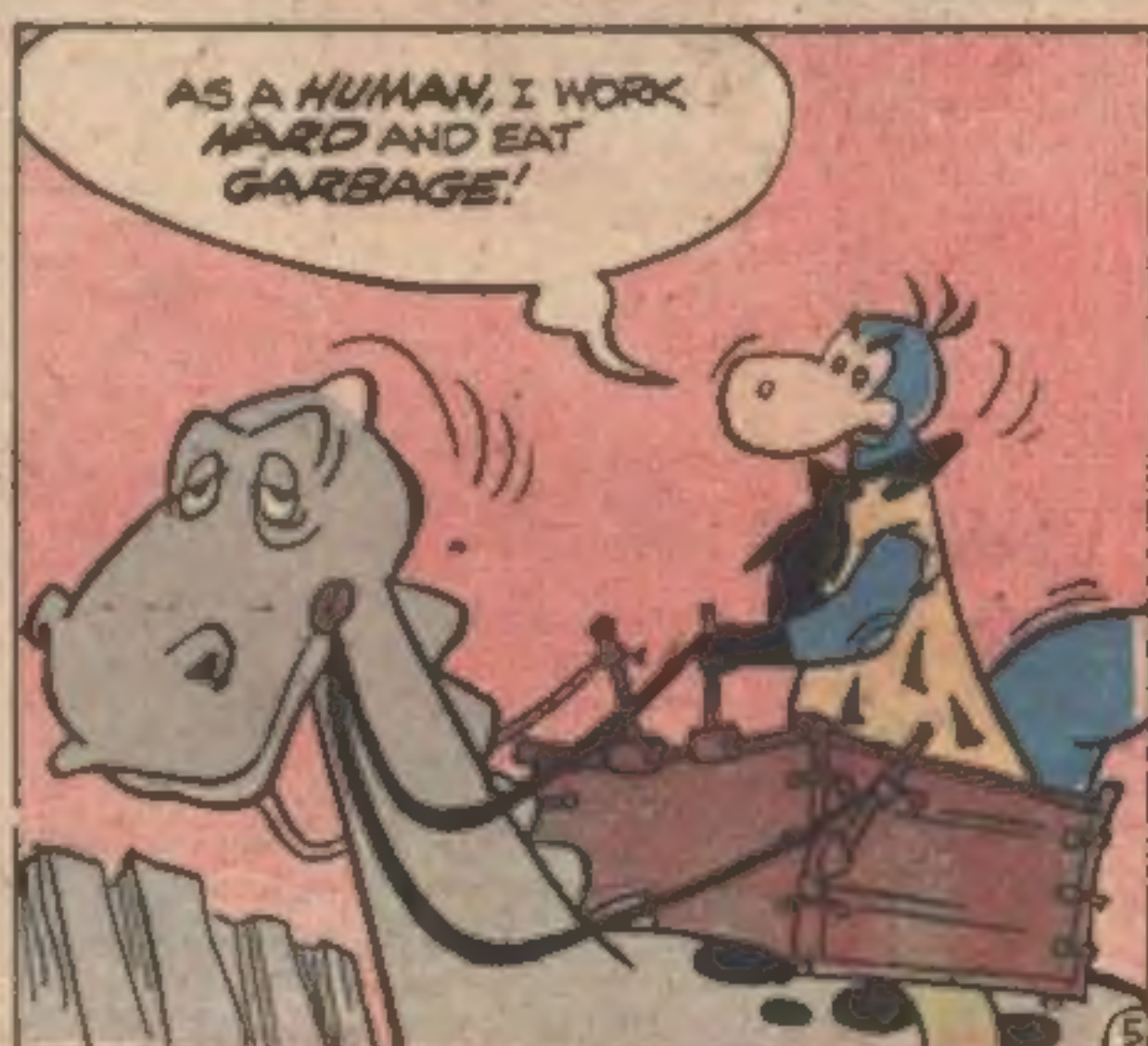
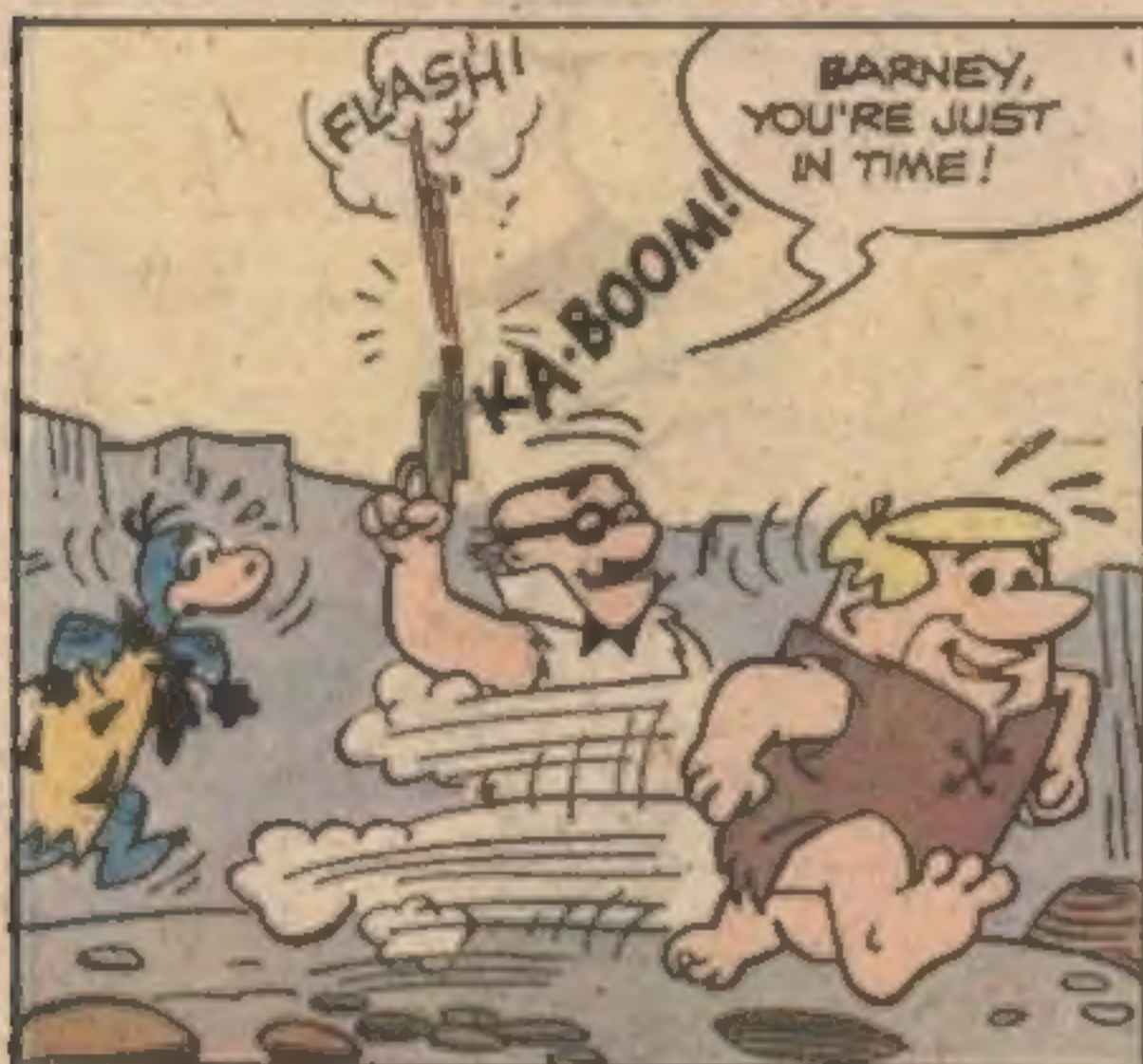
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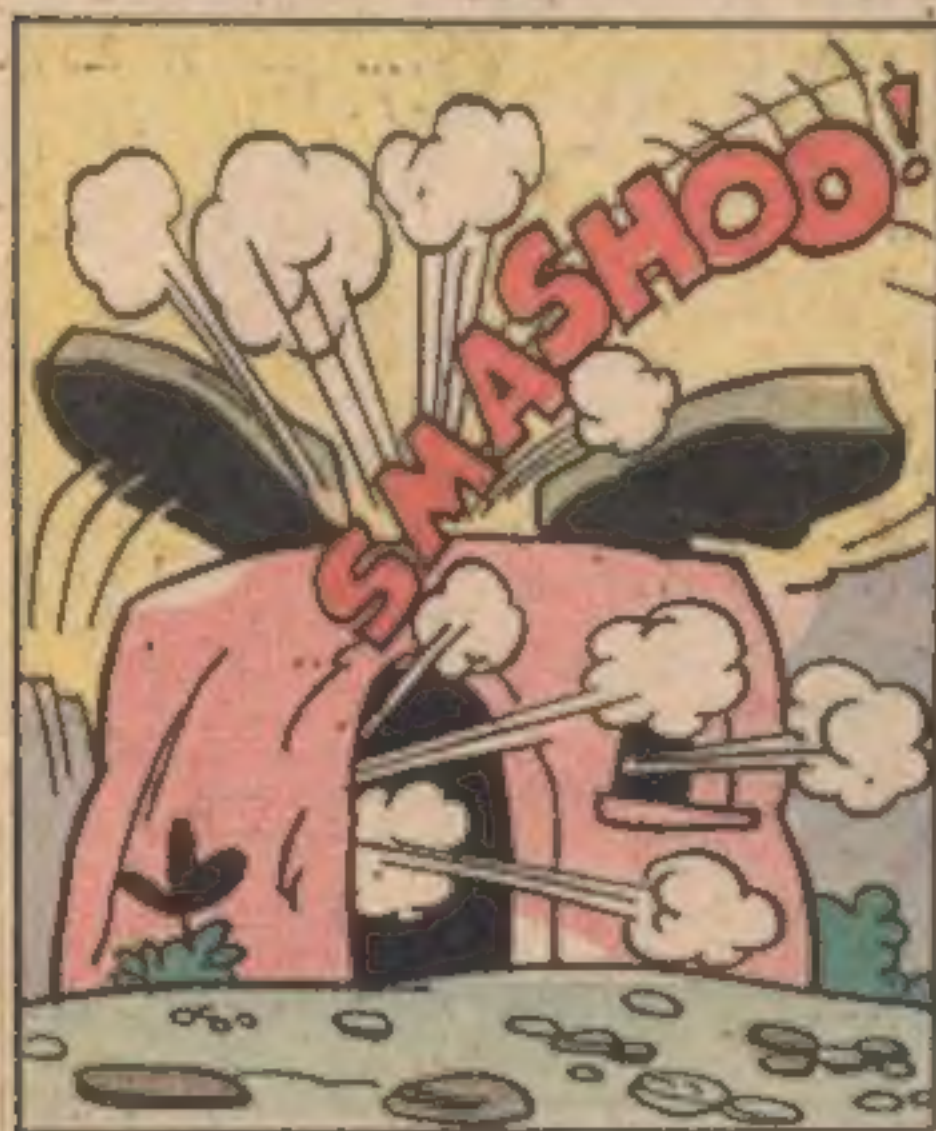






CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE









DINO

"DYNAMITE

DINO"



OH, DINO, YOU'RE
FIGHTING OVER SWEET
LITTLE ME!

DINO! CUT
THAT OUT!



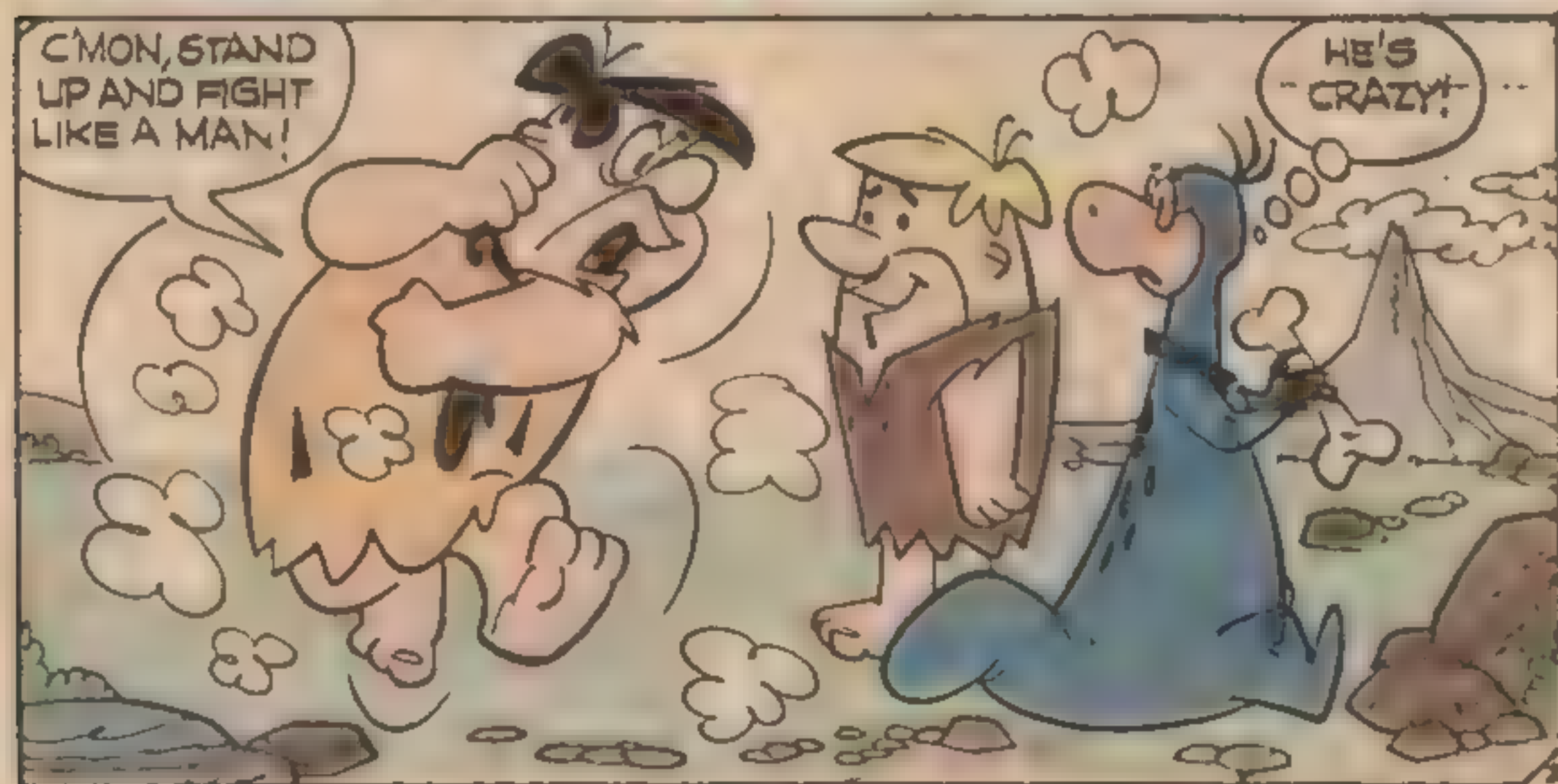
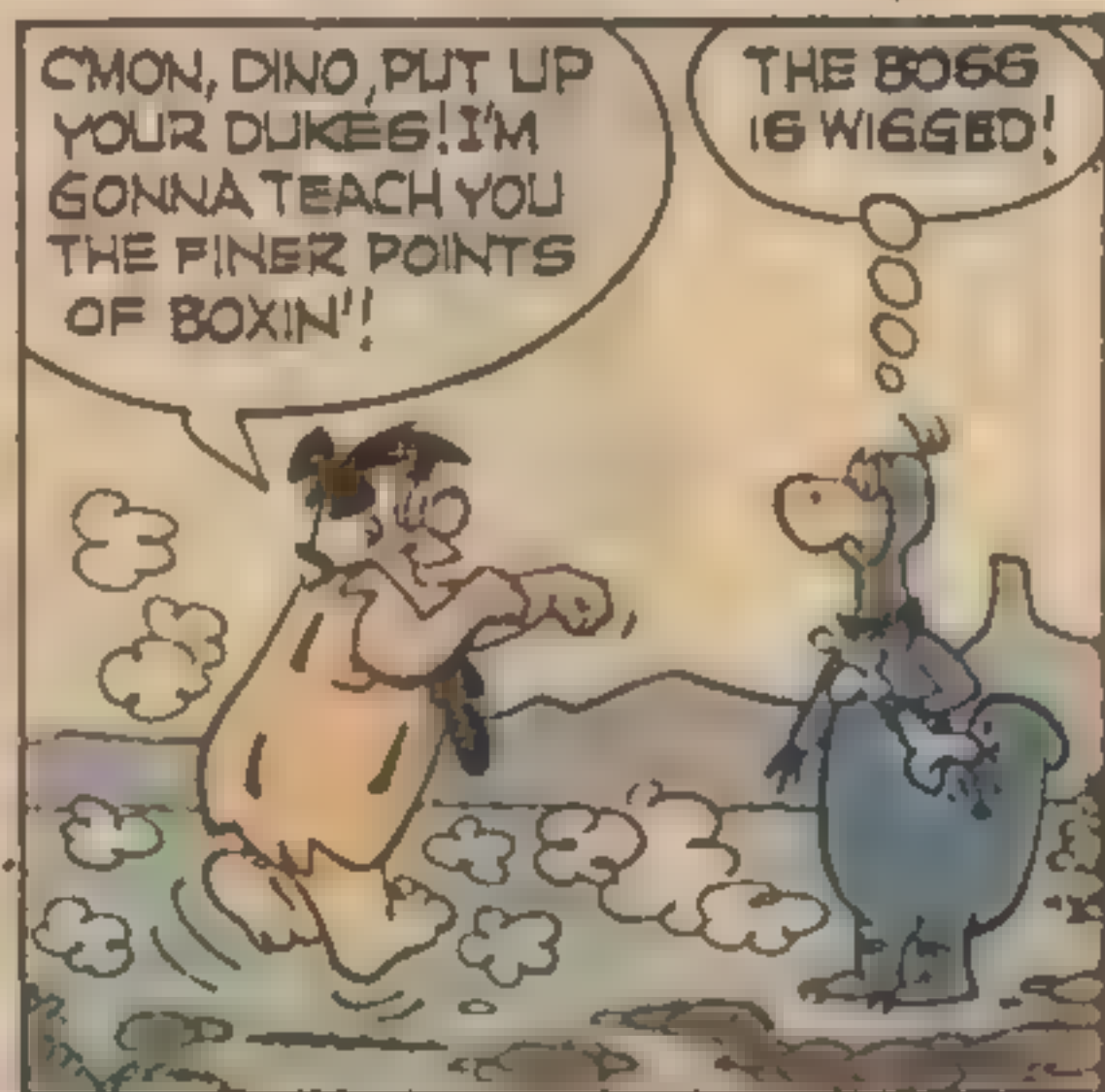
NEVER GET IN BEEFS
OVER GIRLS, DUMMY!

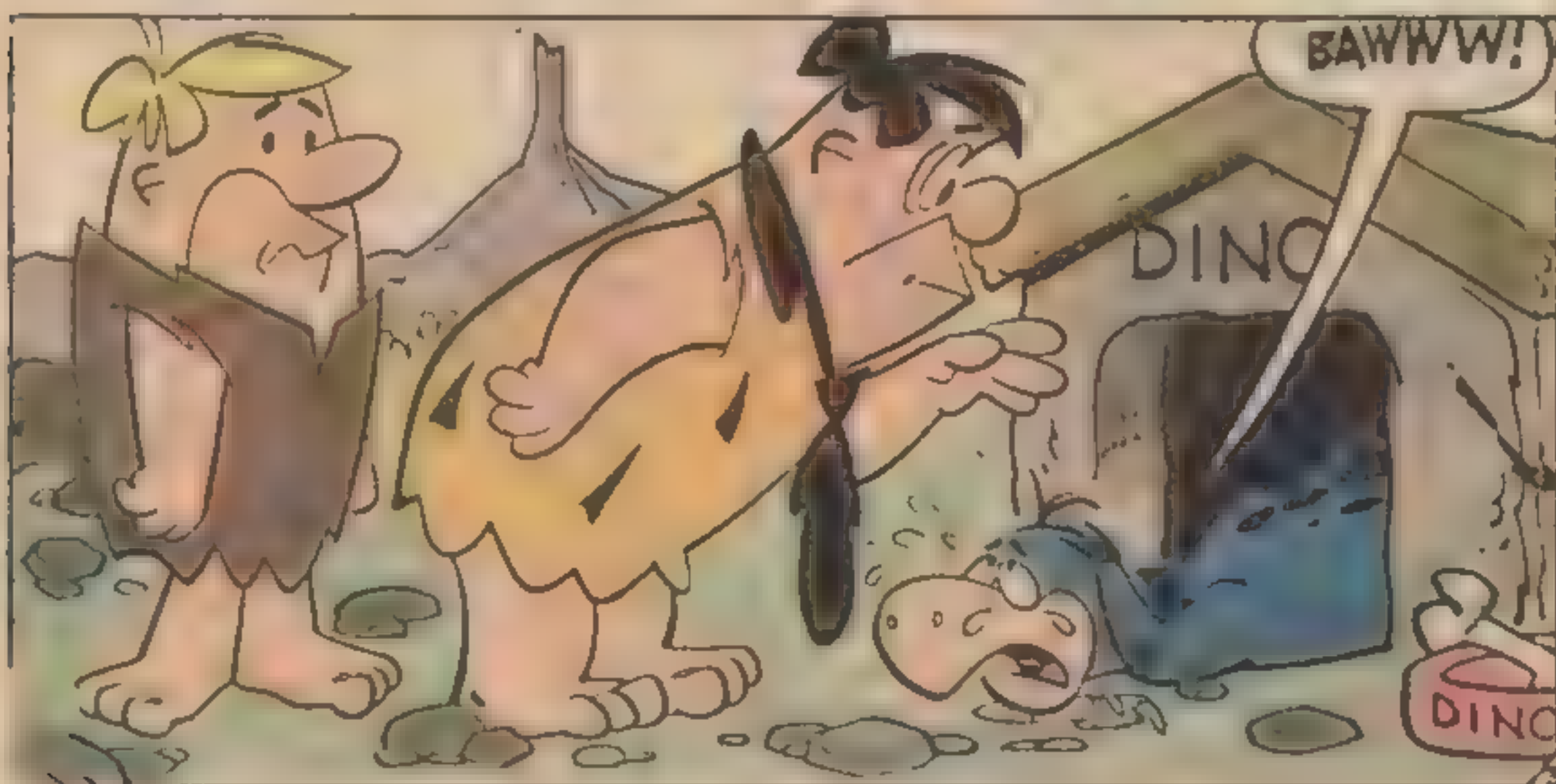
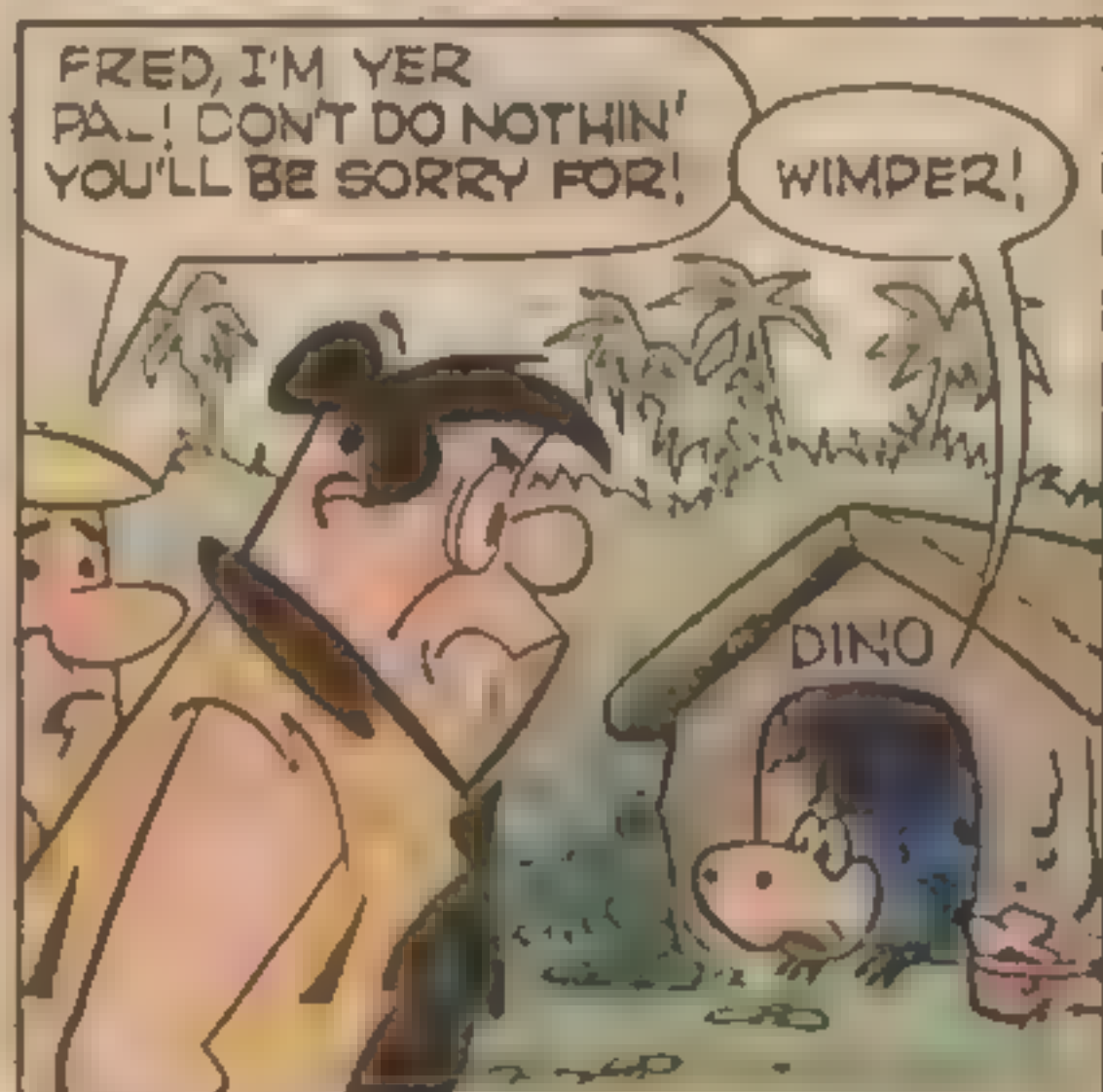
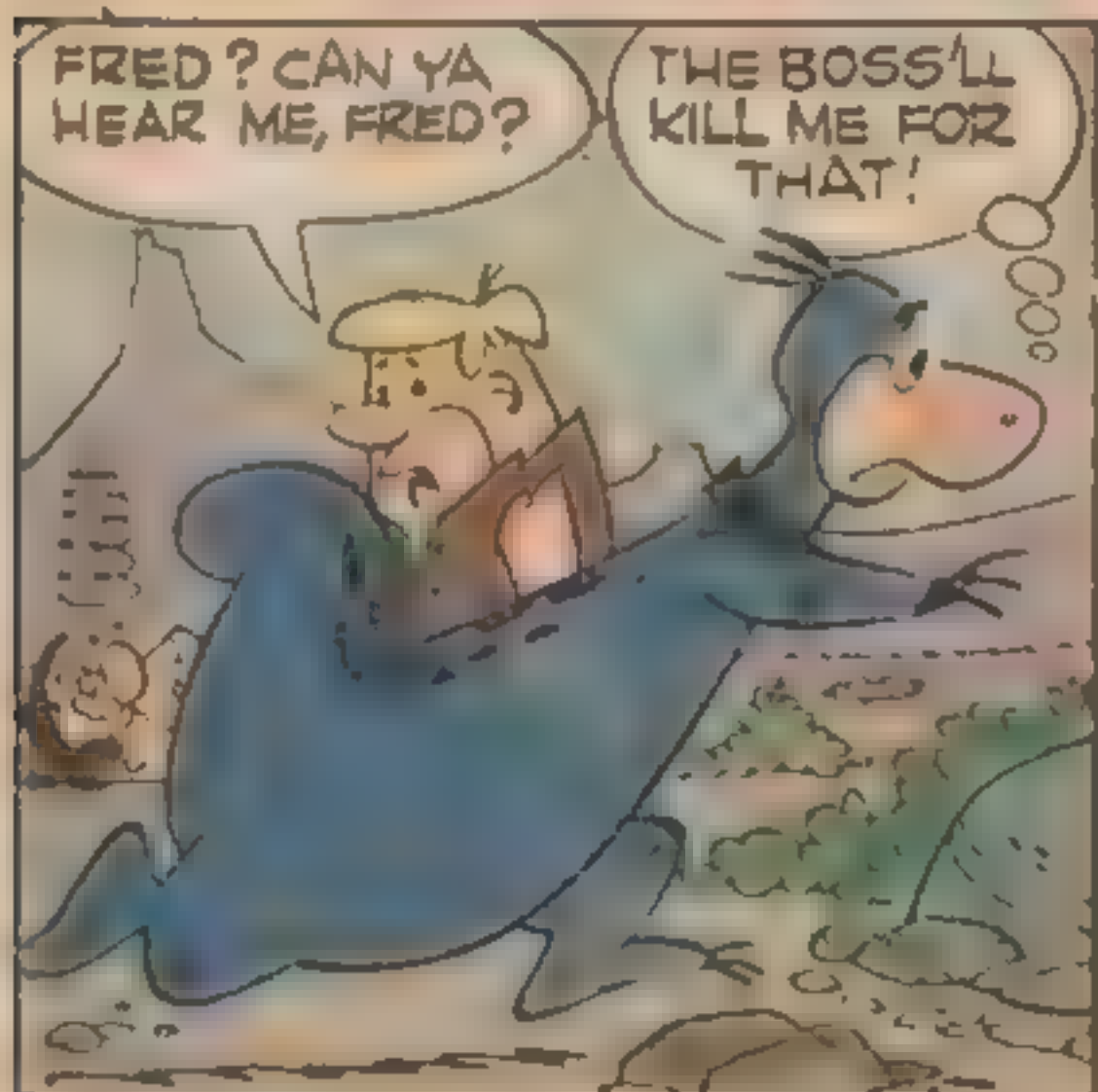
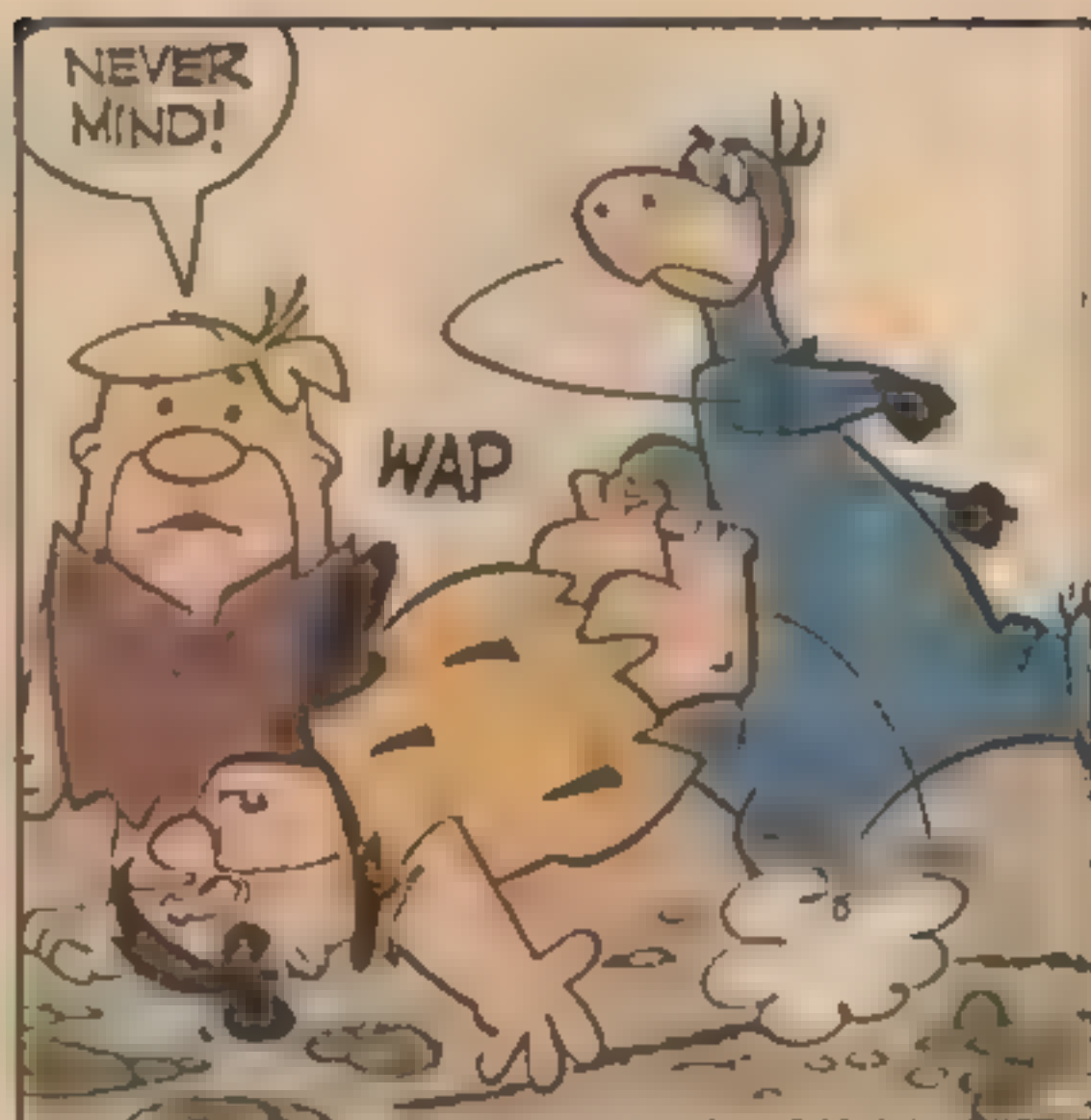
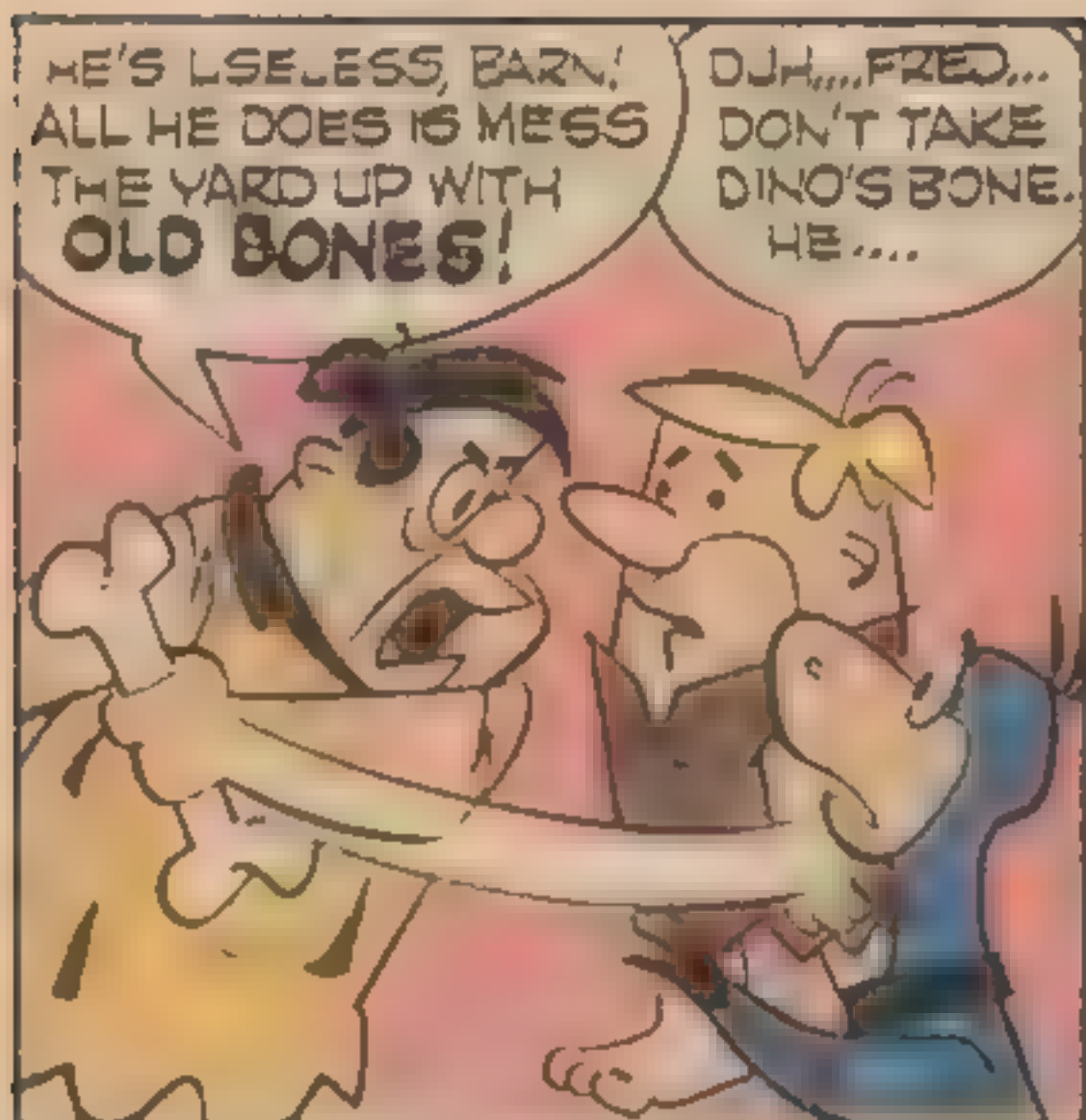
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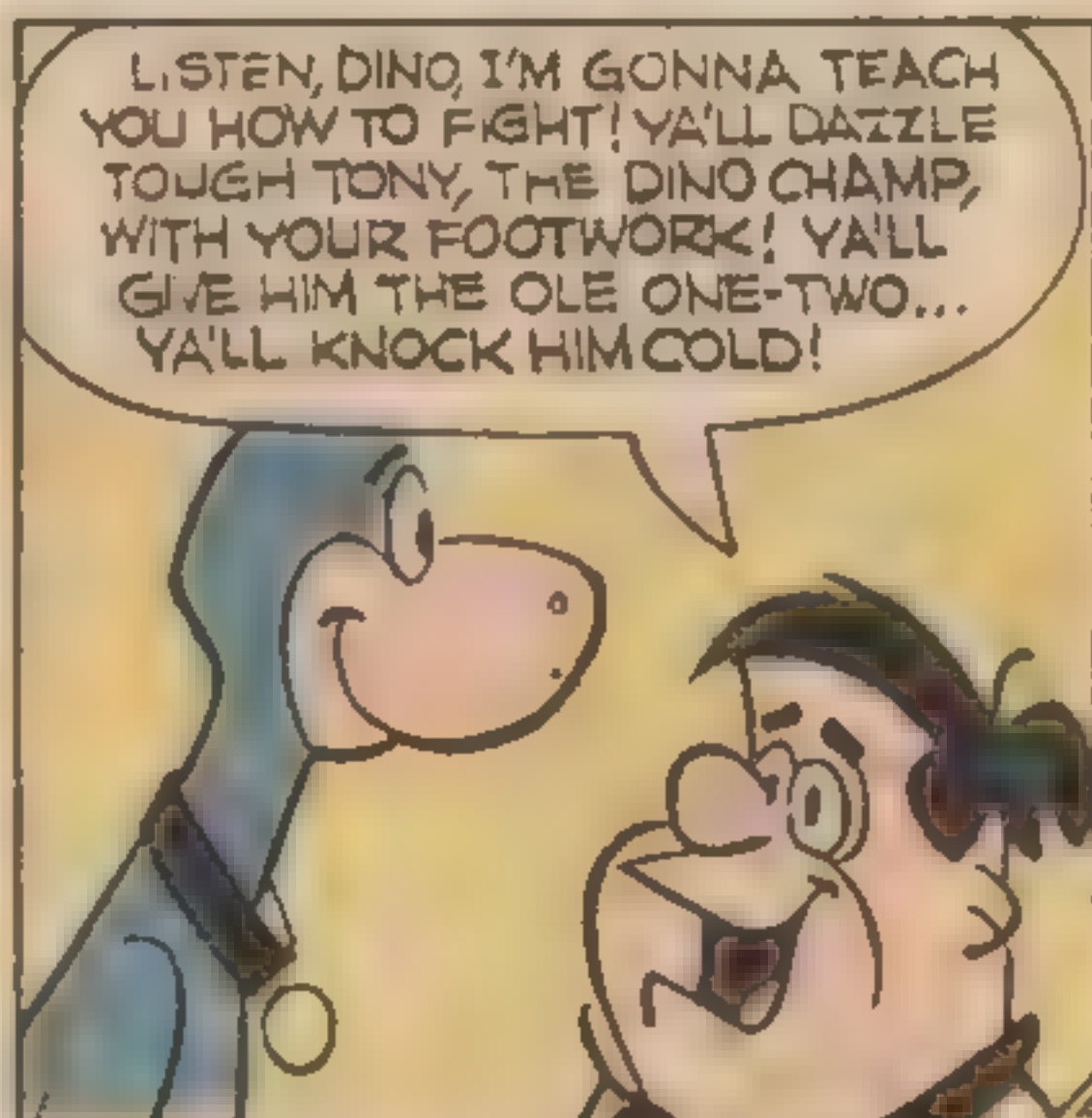
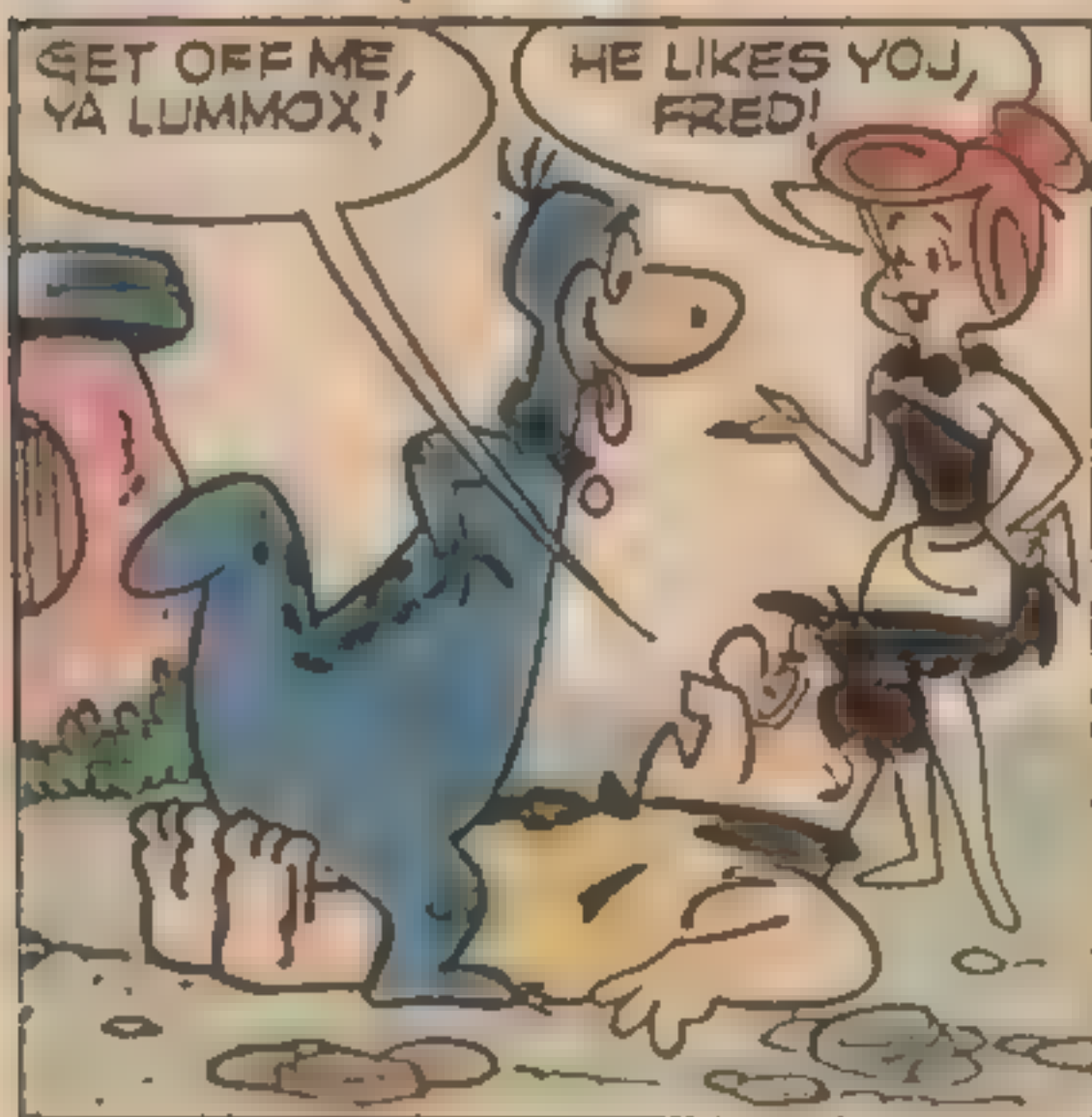
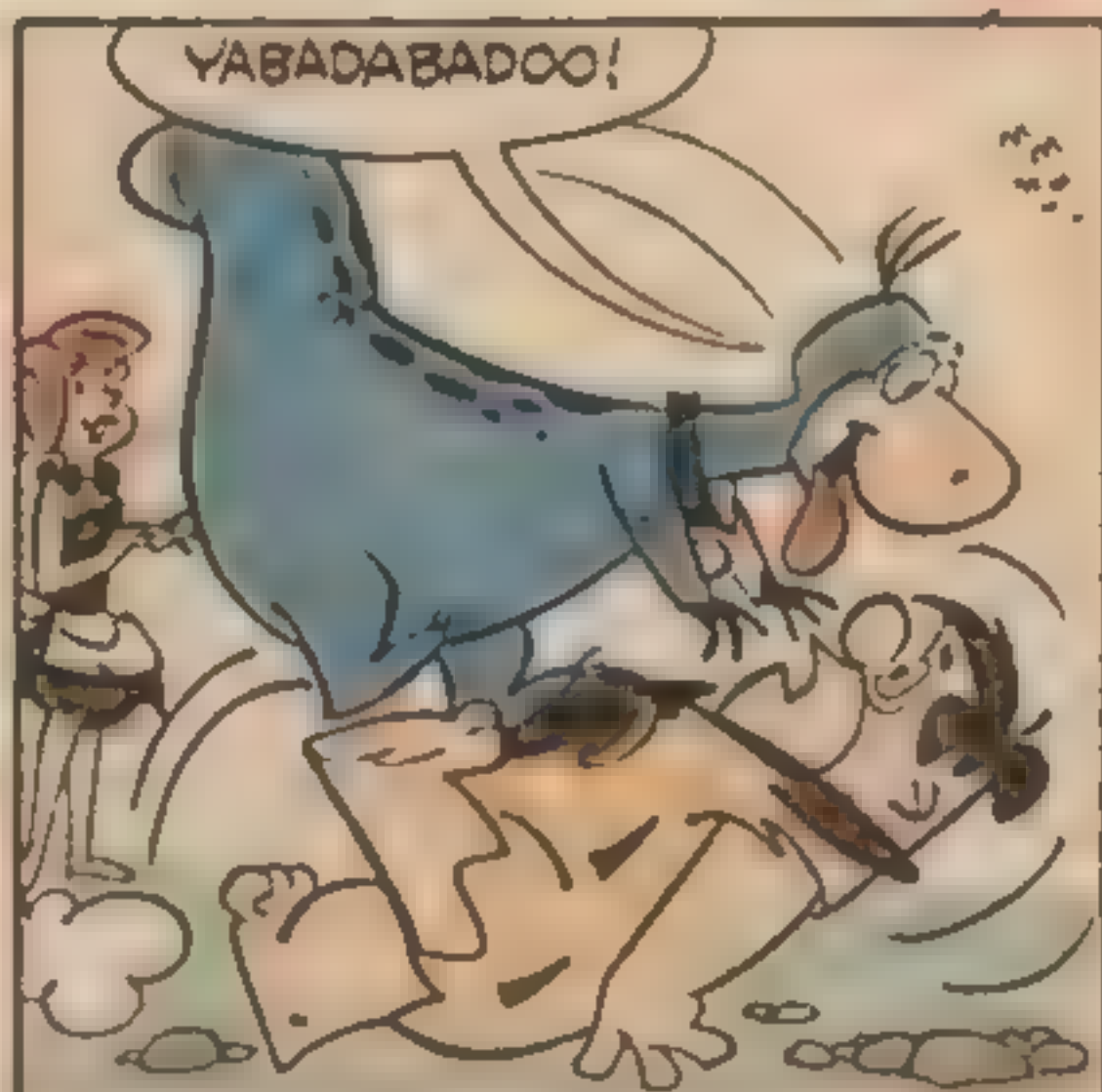
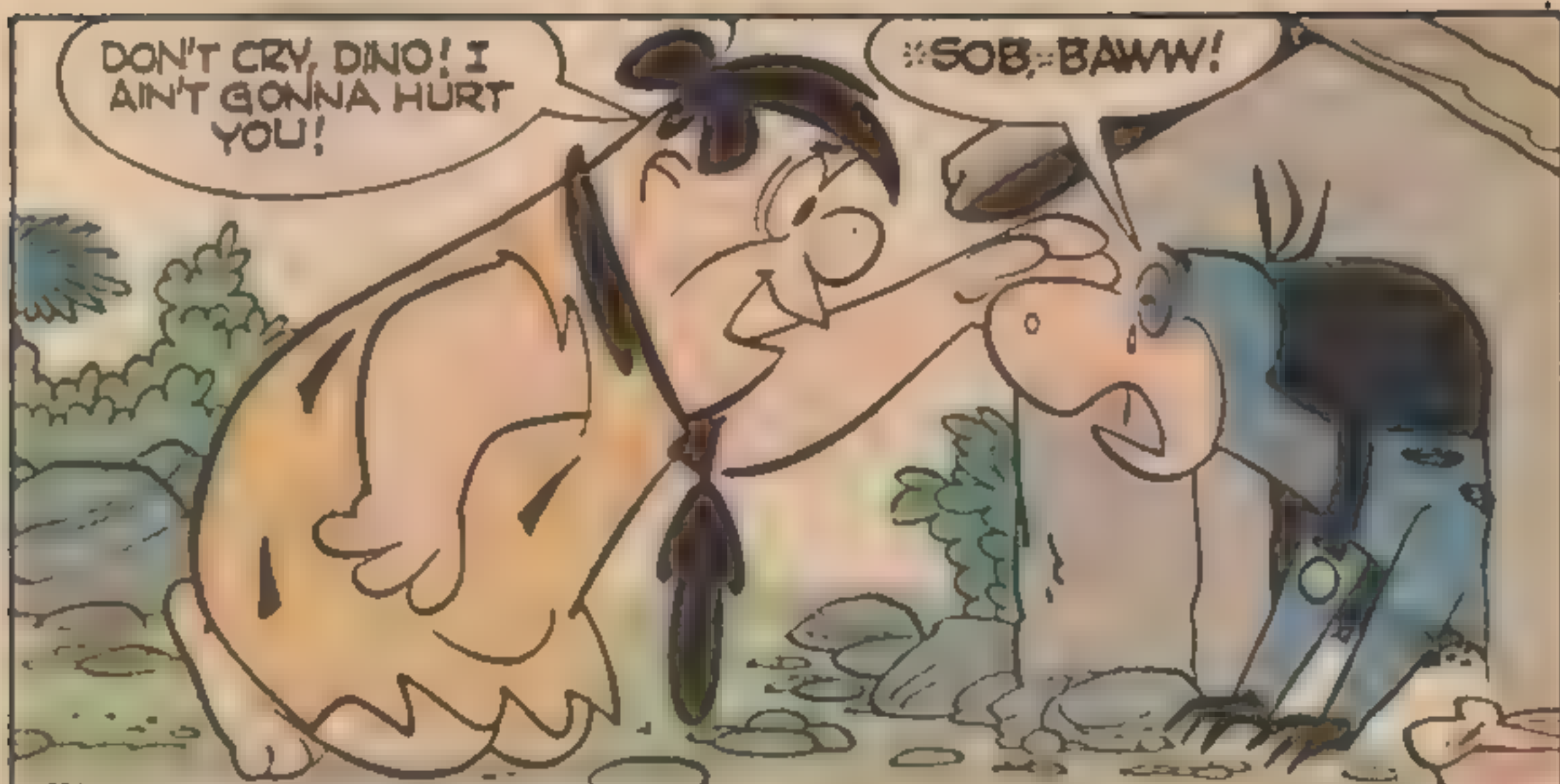


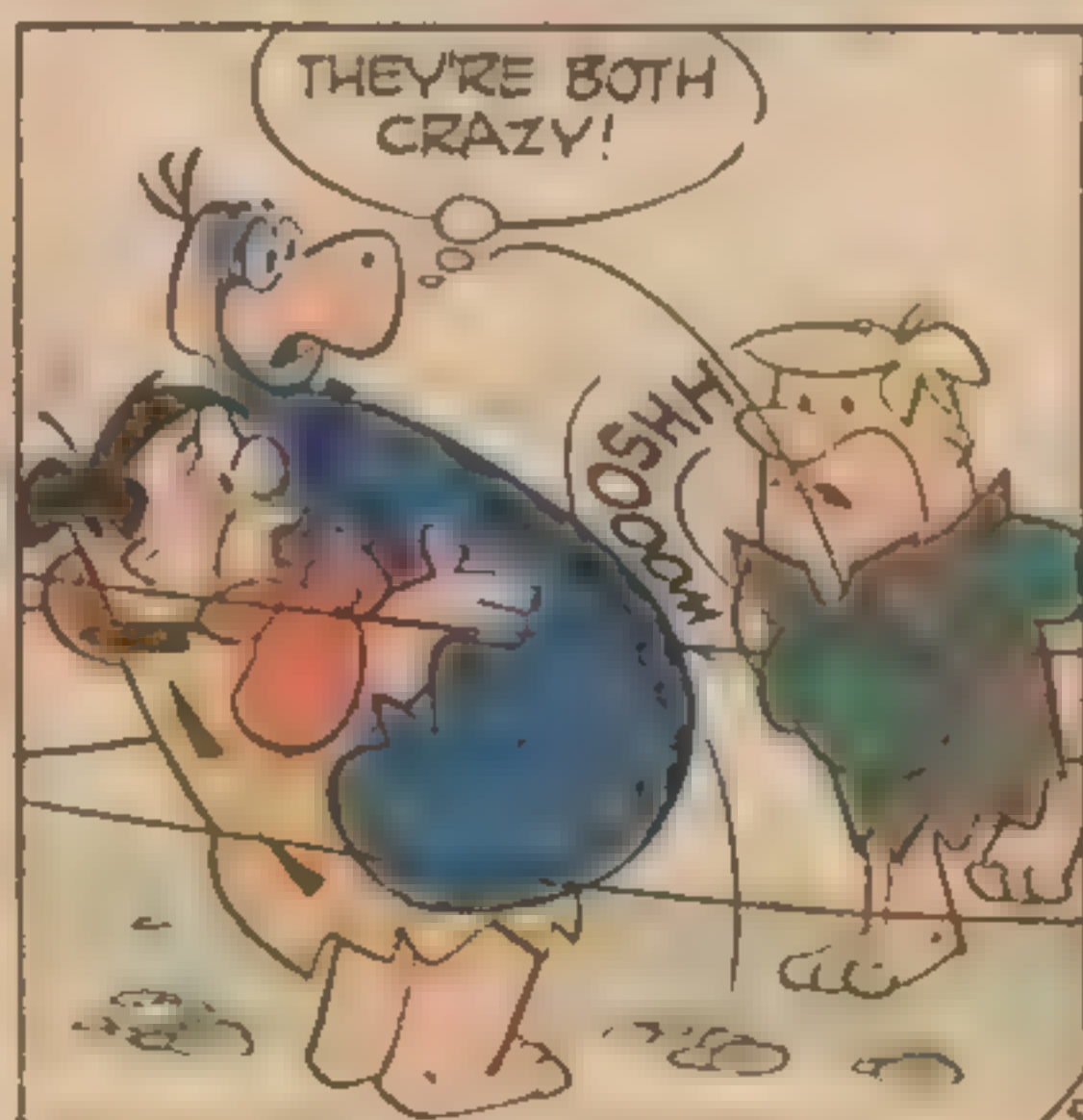
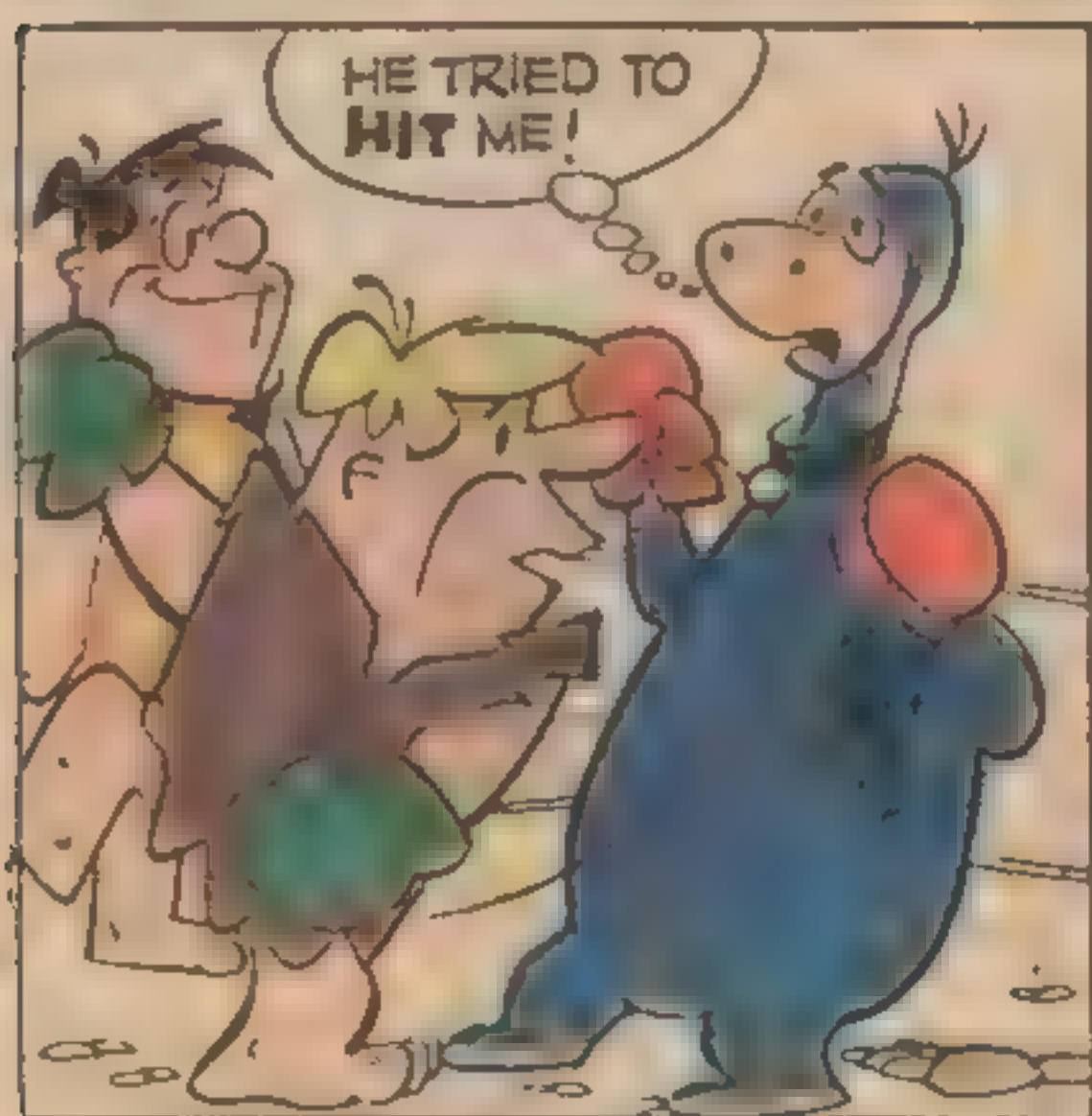
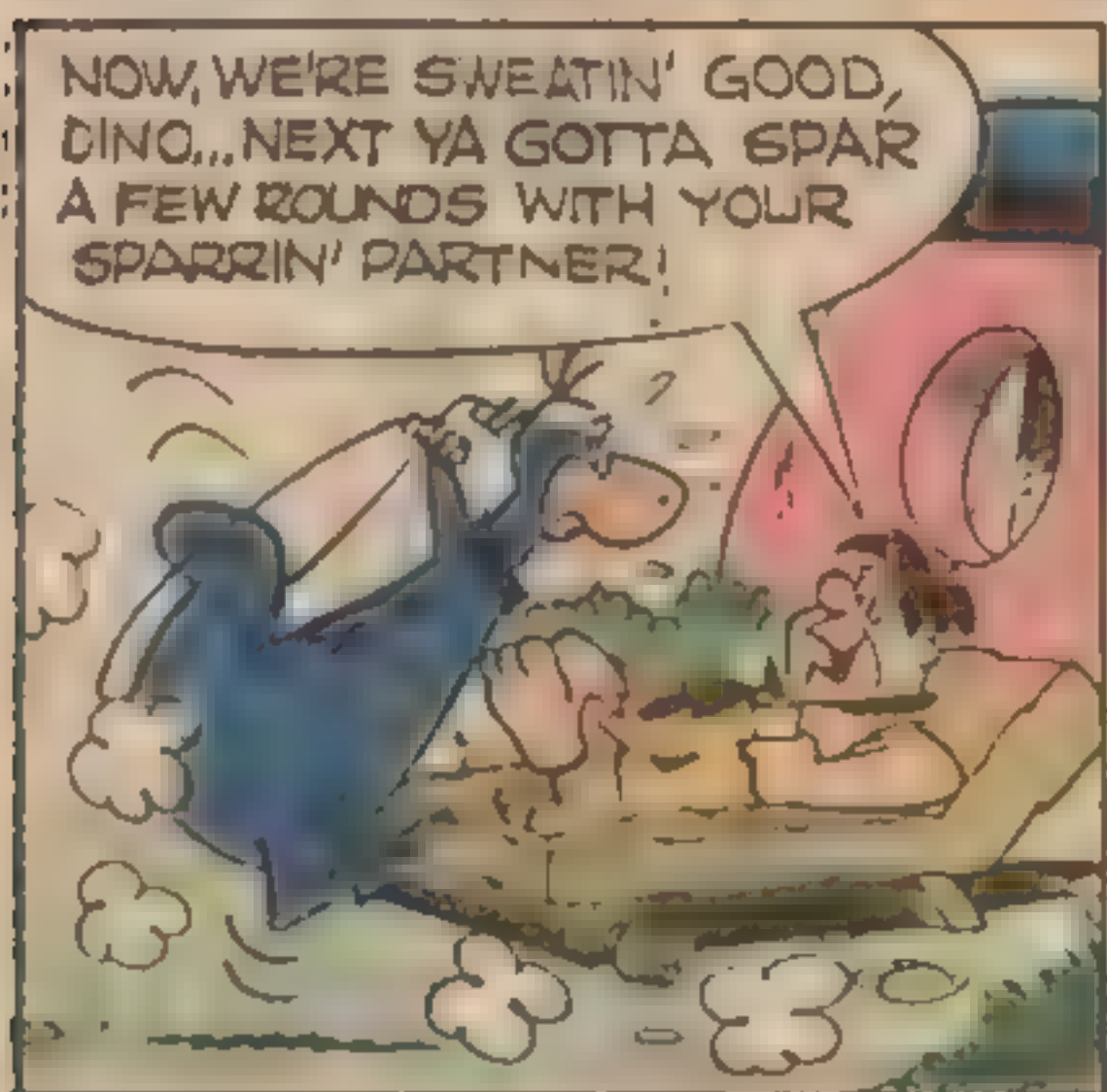
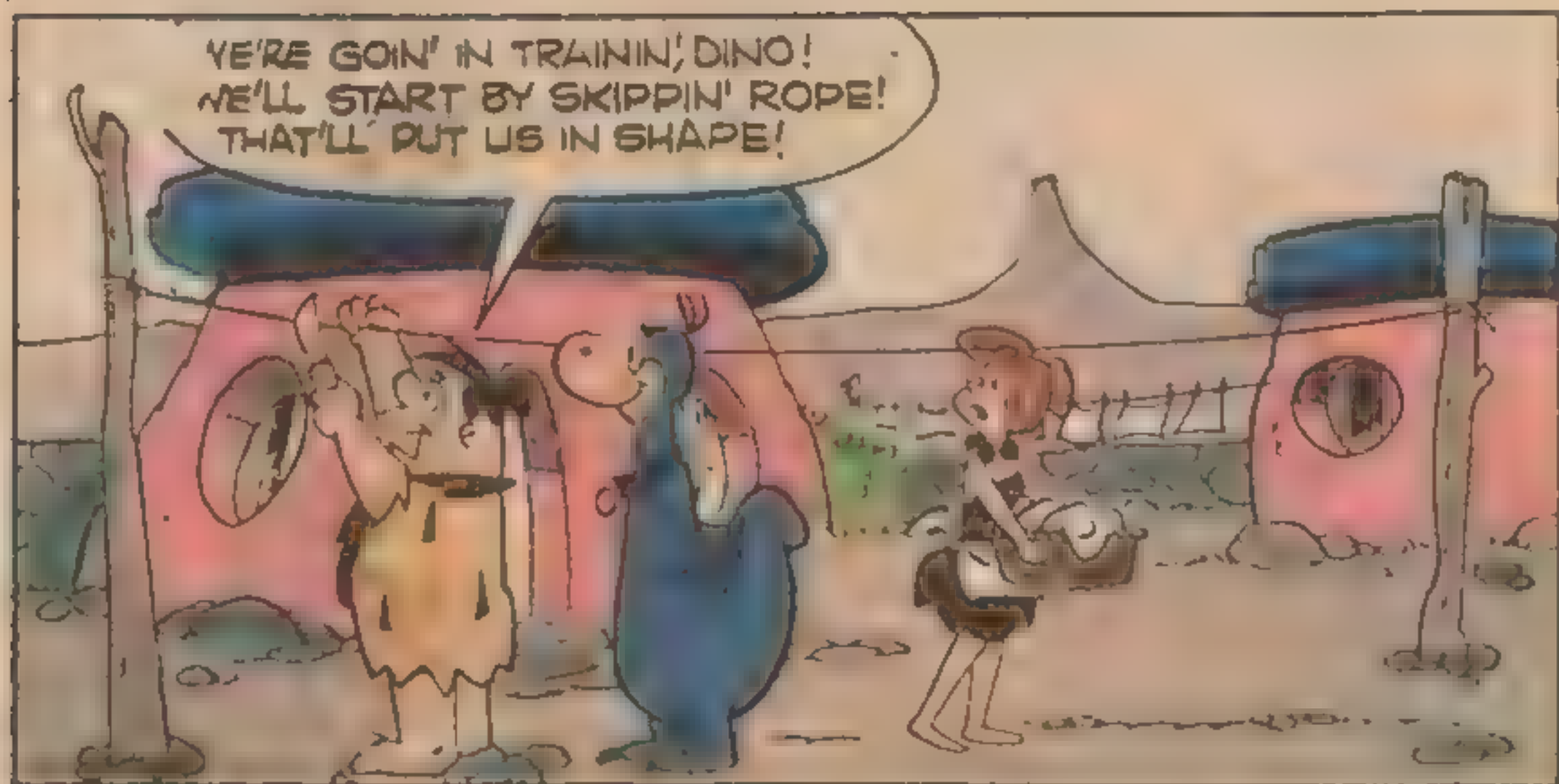
THE BOSS MUST THINK I'M
STUPID OR SOMETHIN'. I WAS
FIGHTIN' FOR THIS DELICIOUS
BONE!

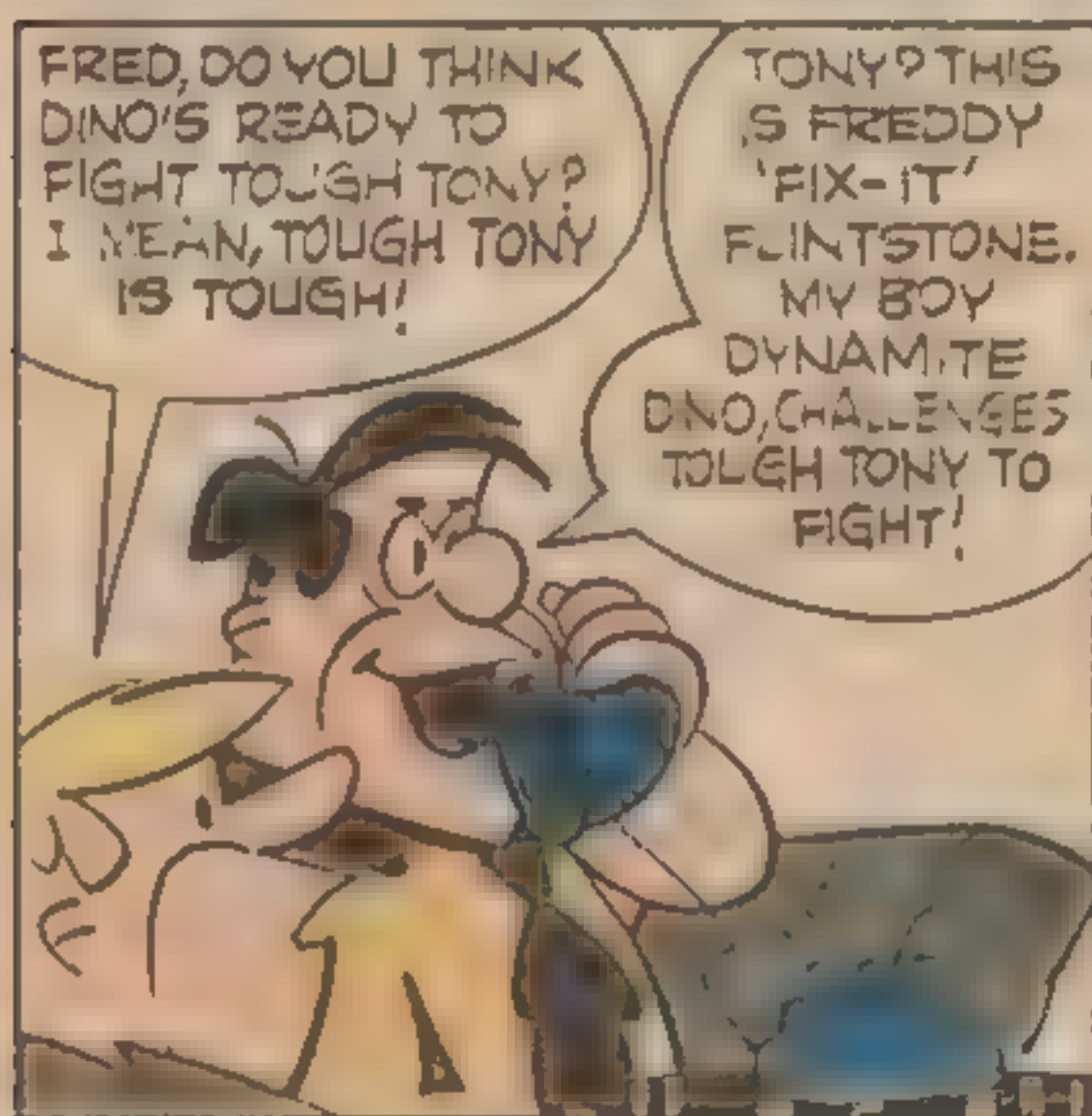
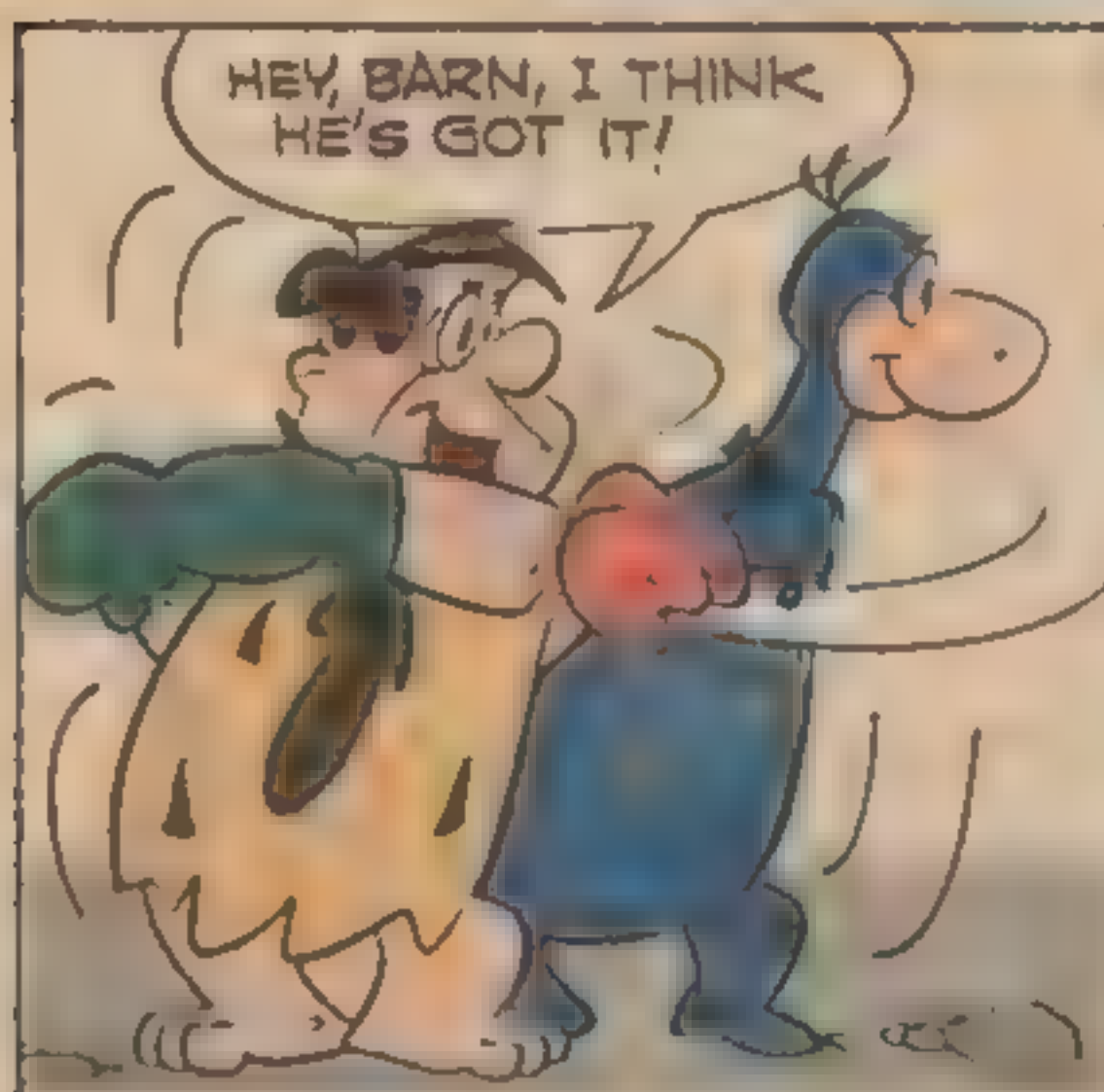
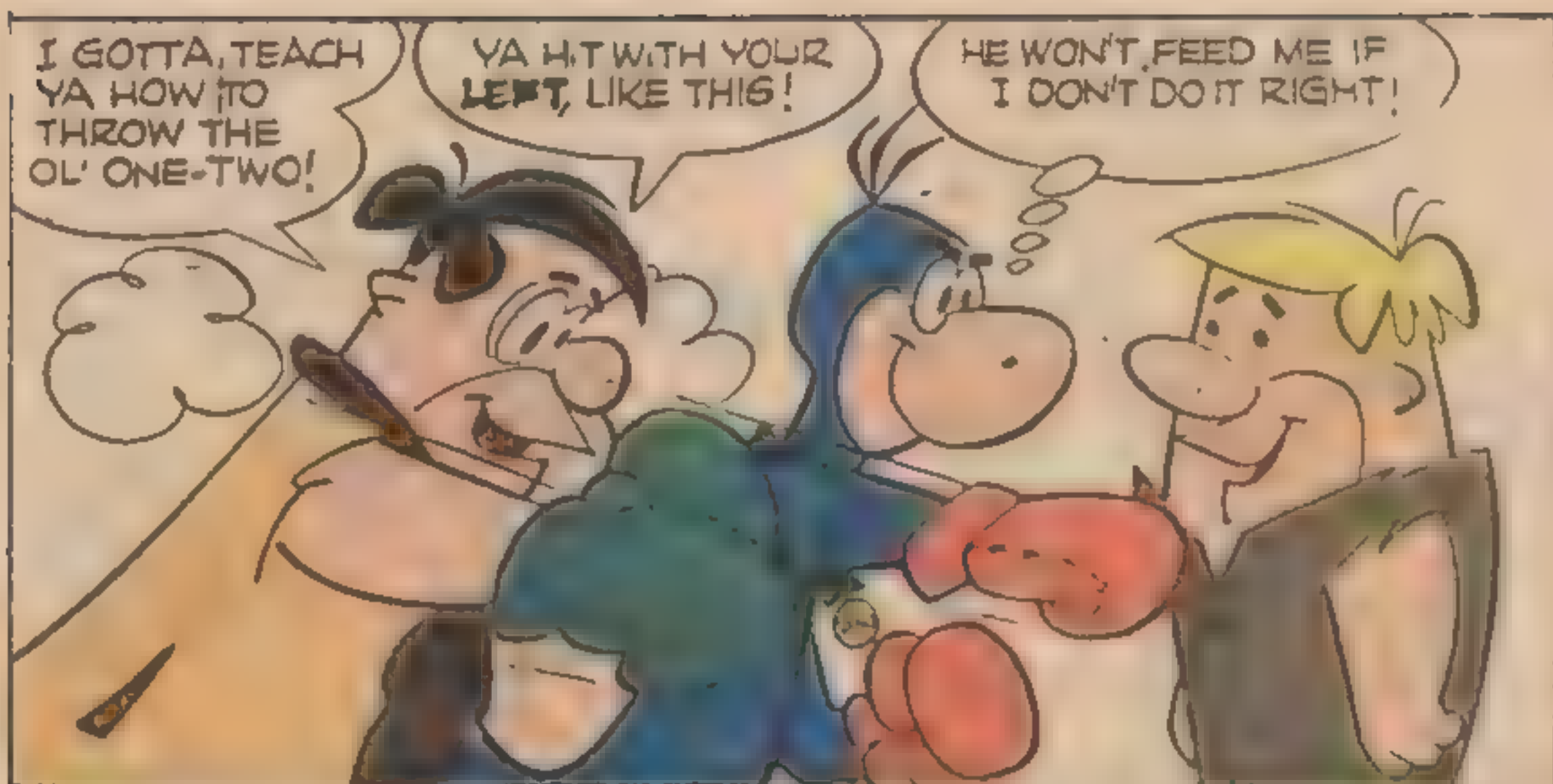


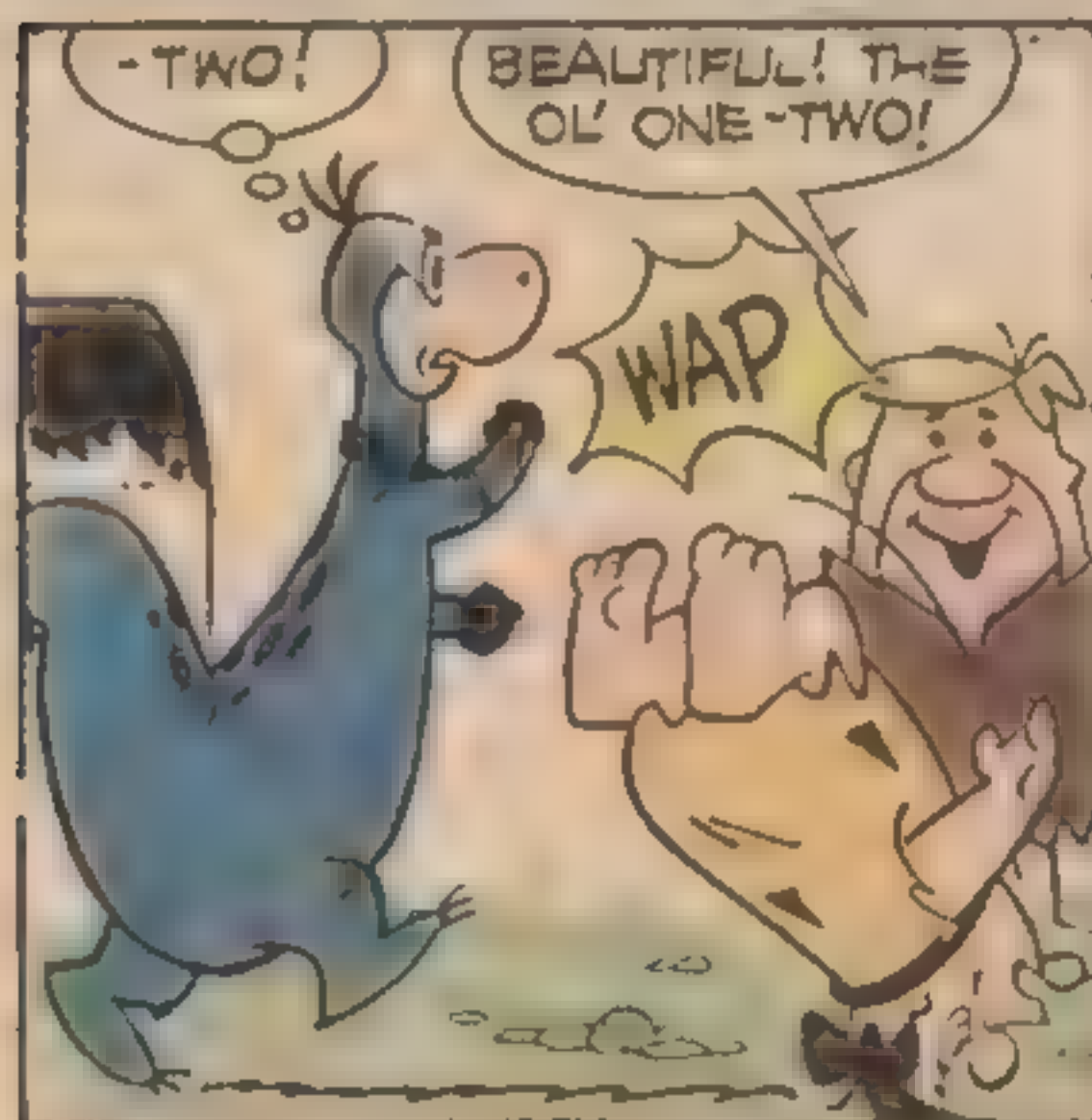
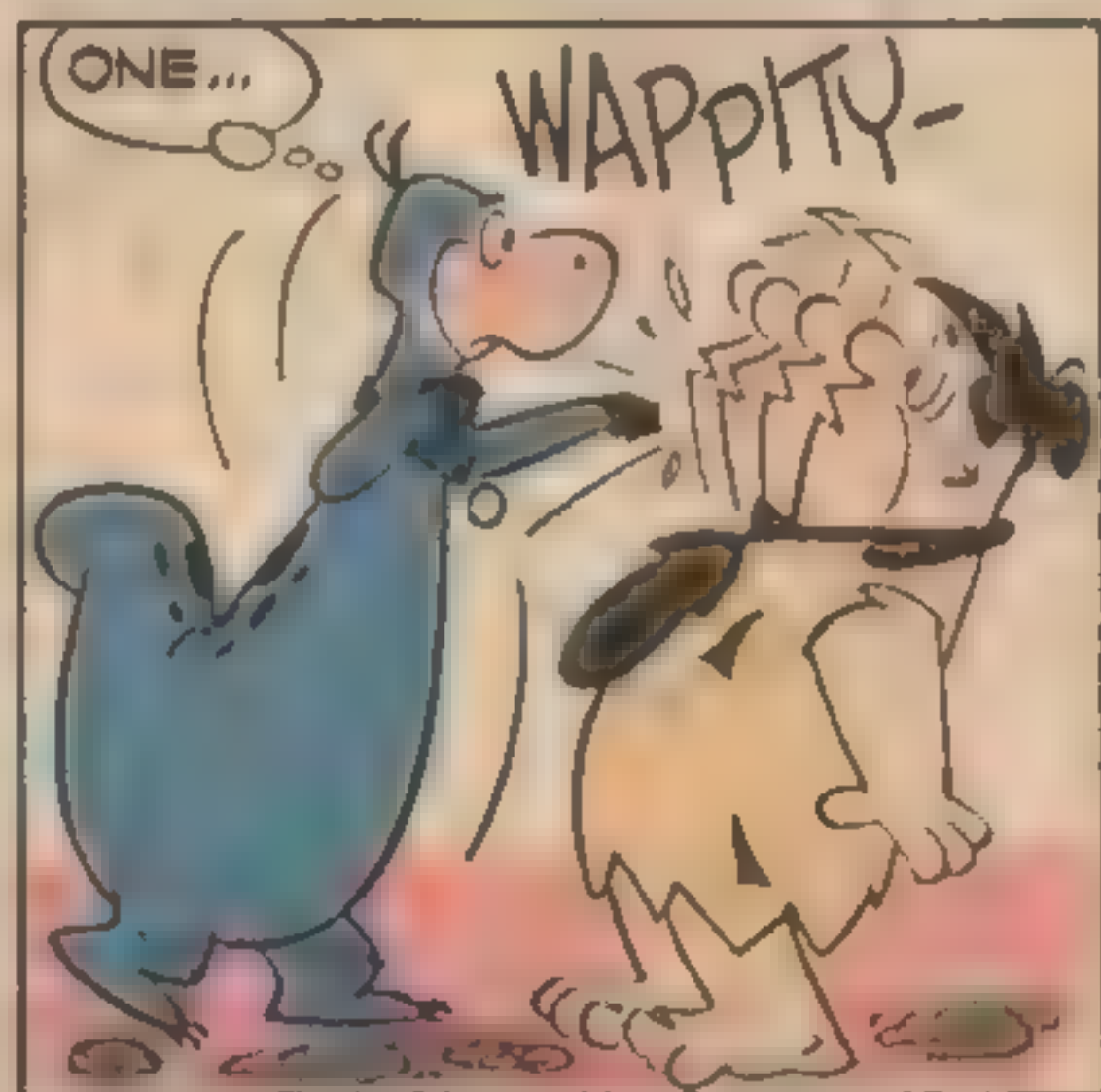
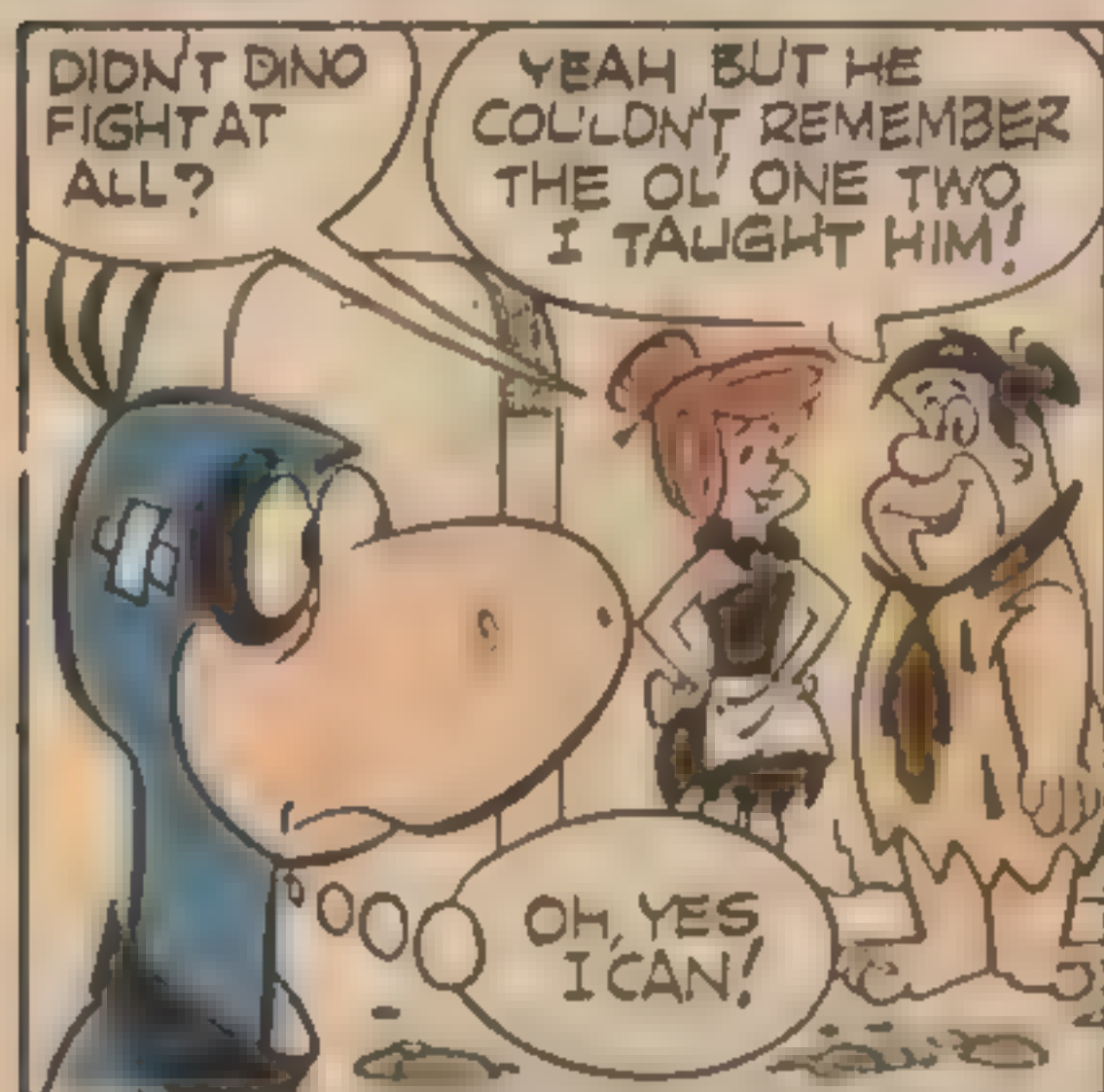
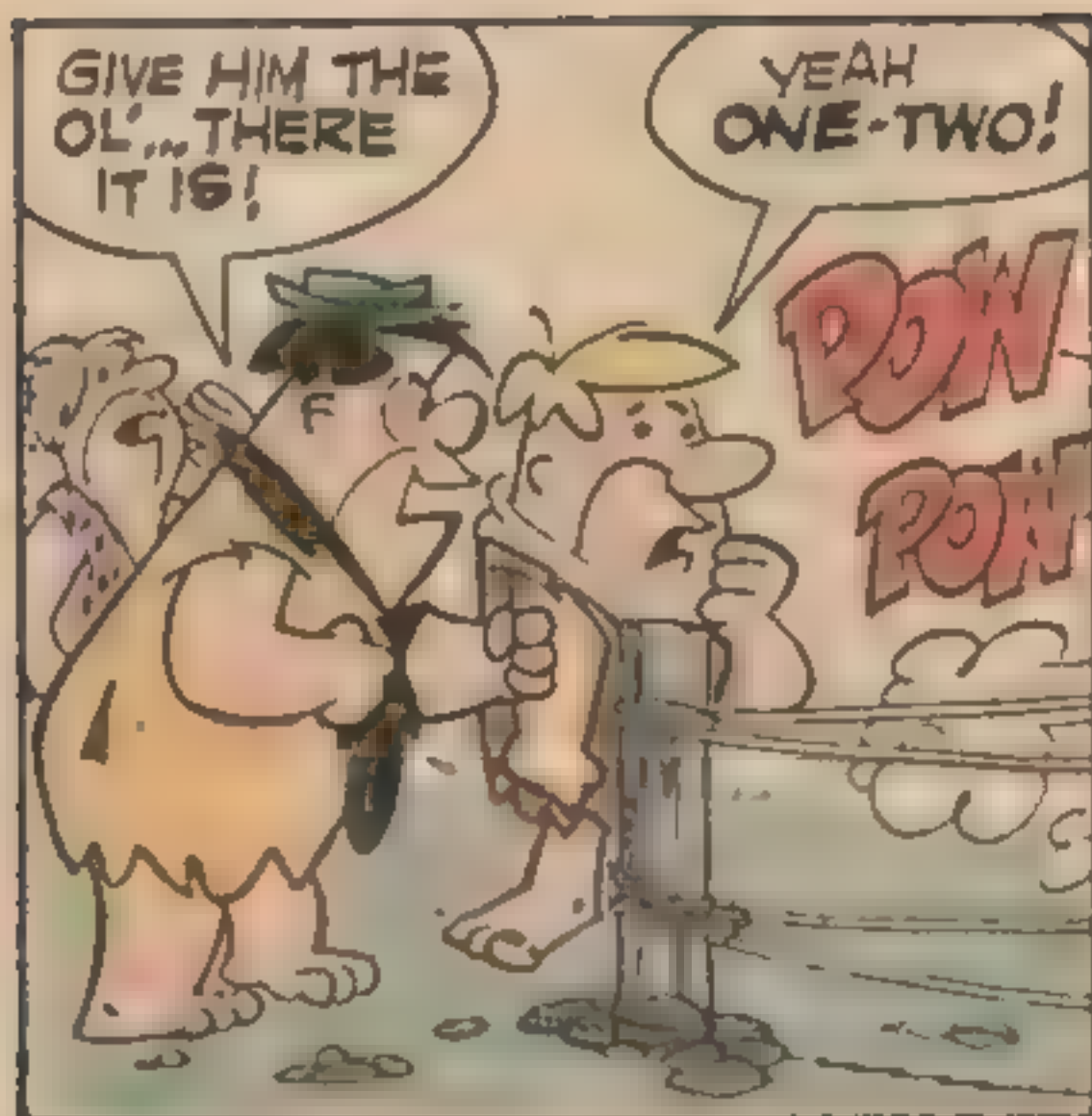












DINKO in **"FEARLESS FRED"**

WHAT'S THAT,
FRED?

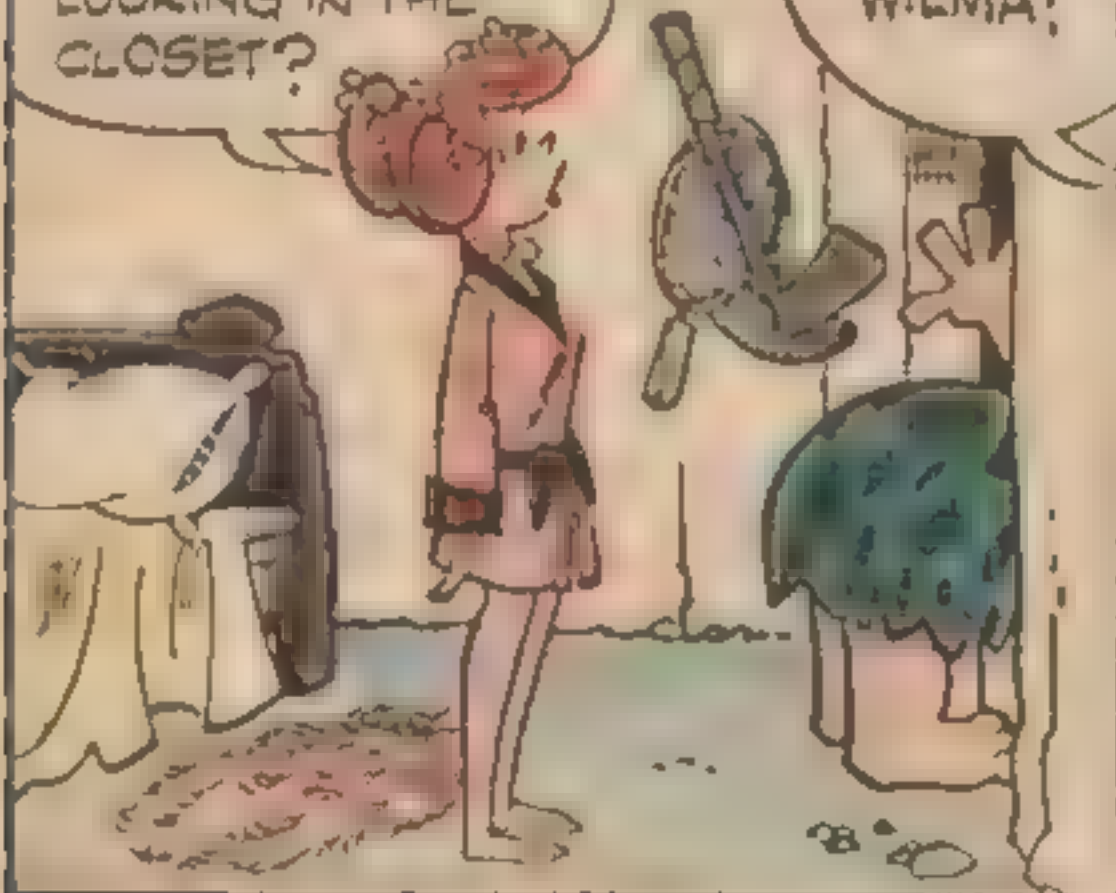
IT S-SOUNDS LIKE MY
UNCLE DESMOND, WILMA...
B-BUT HE'S DEAD NOW!

OOOOWWWWOOWW



THE SOUND IS COMING
FROM THE LIVING ROOM,
FRED! WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING IN THE
CLOSET?

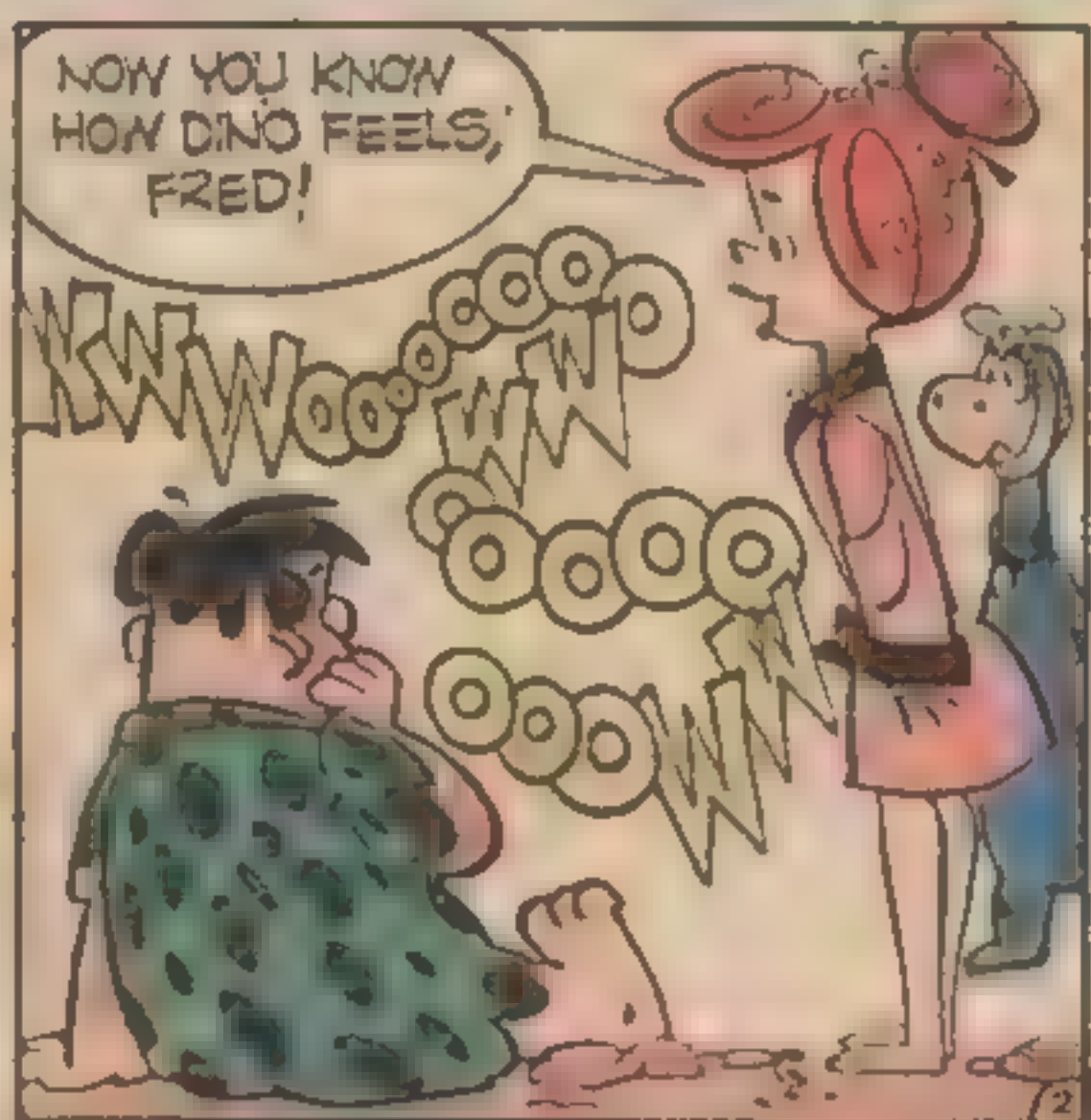
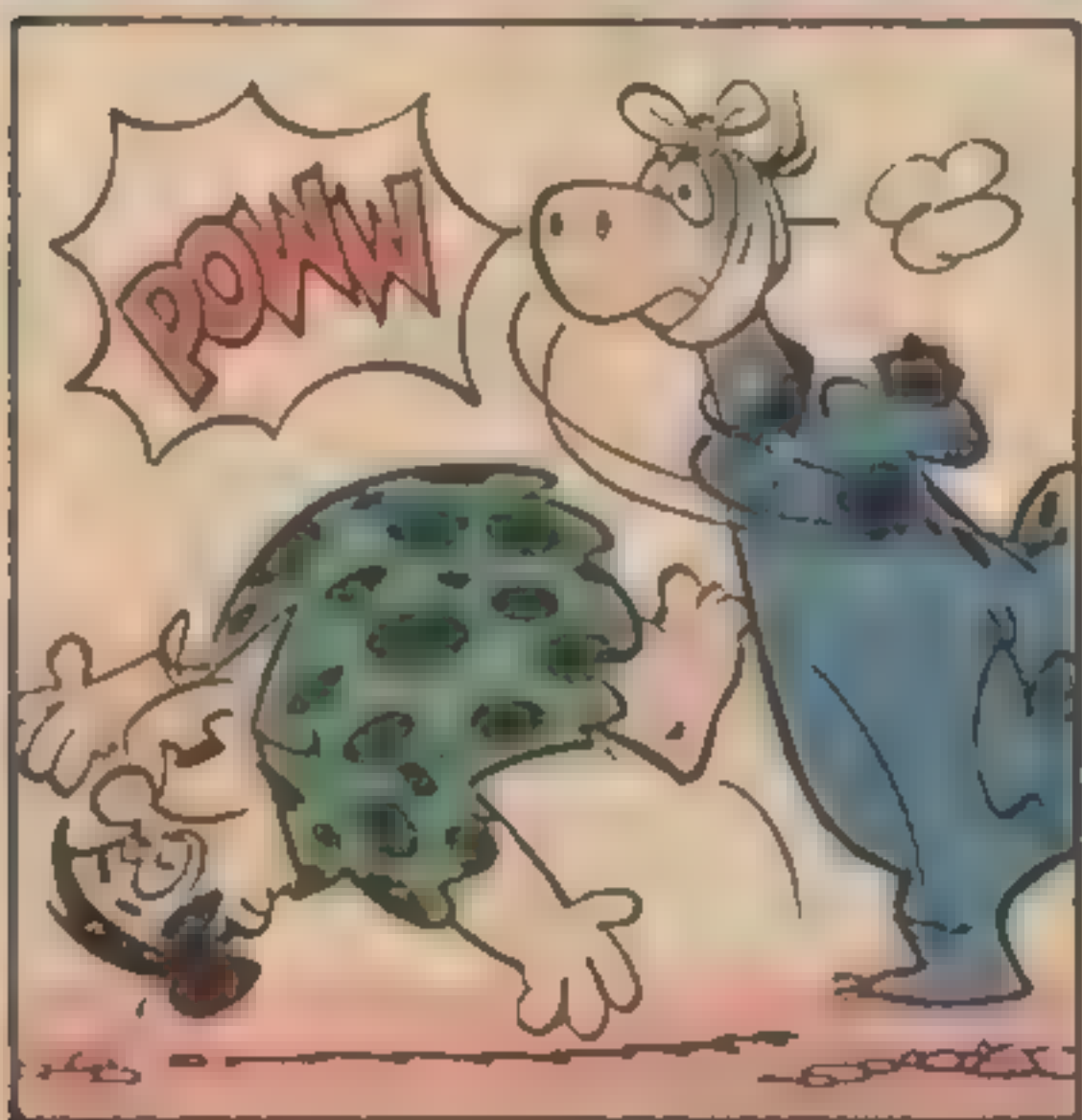
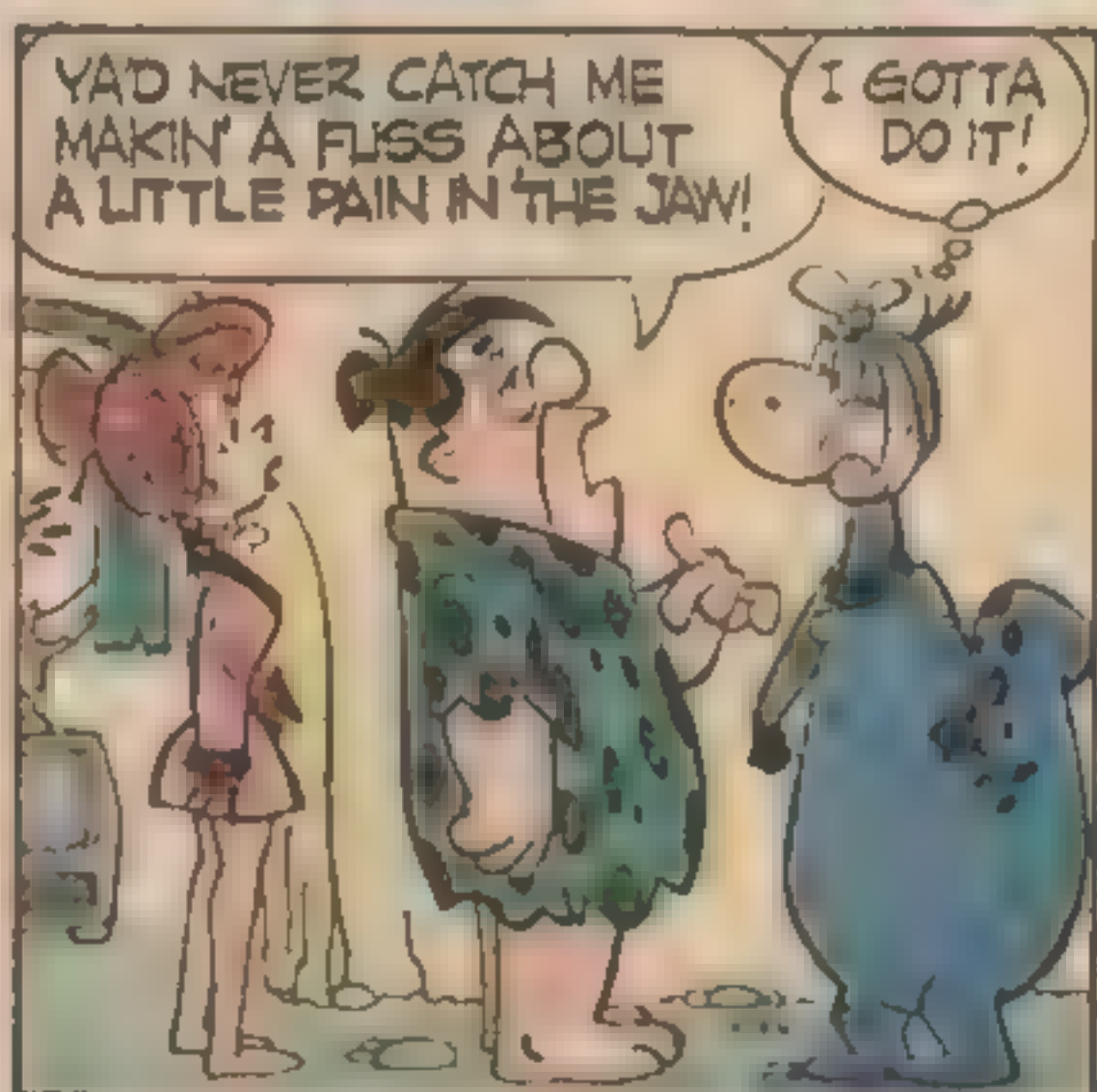
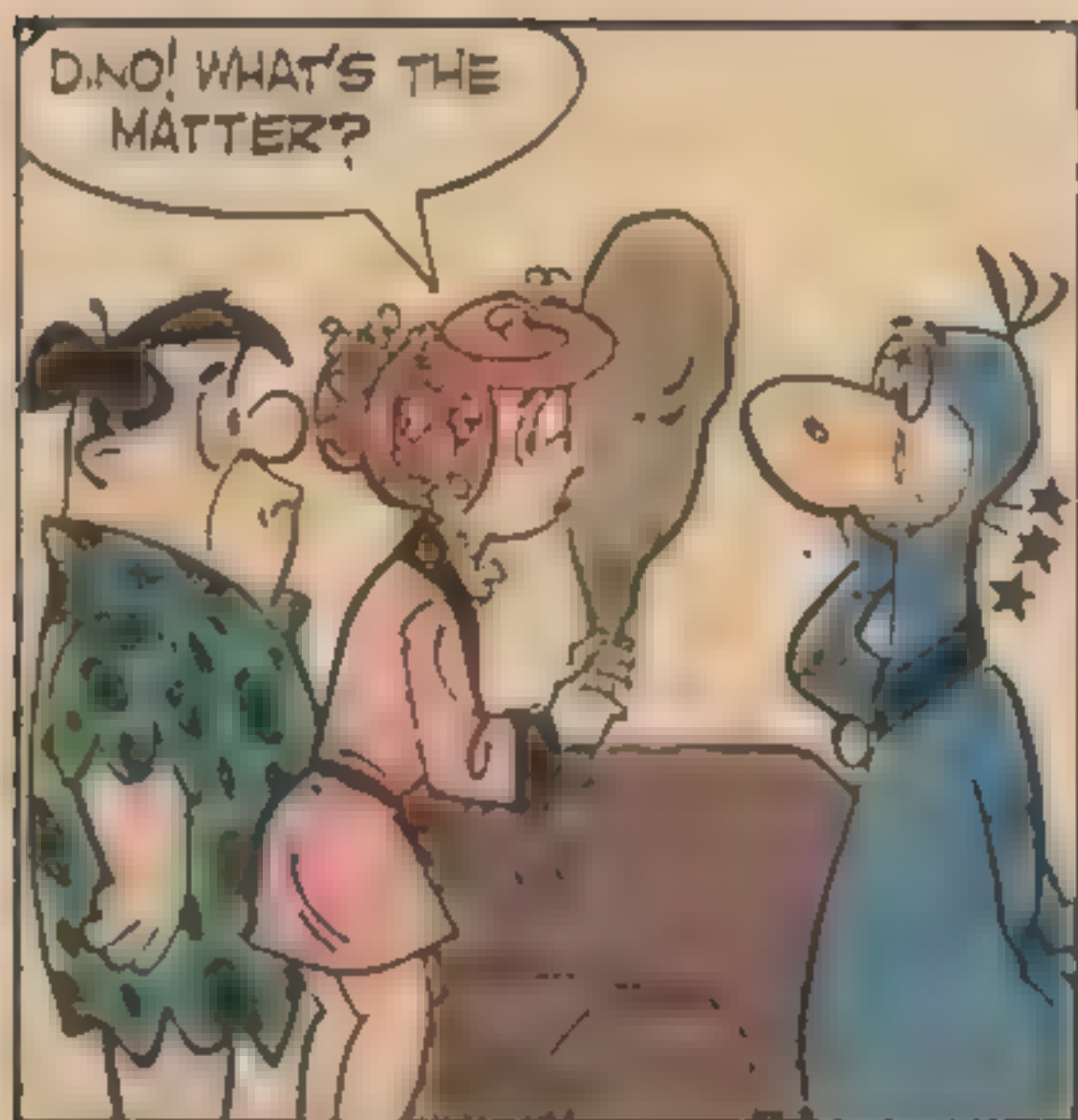
I'M
GETTIN'
MY CLUB,
WILMA!



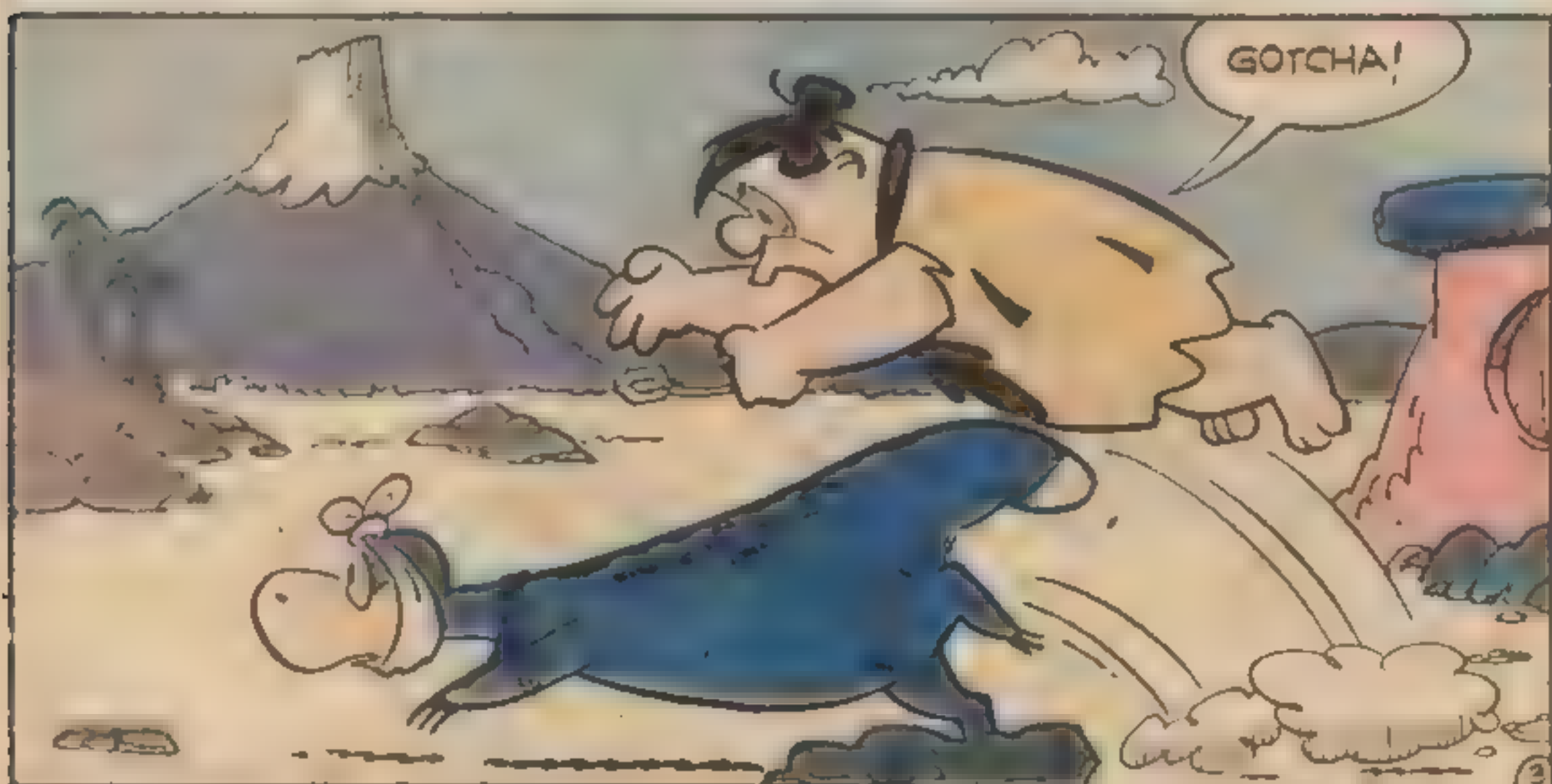
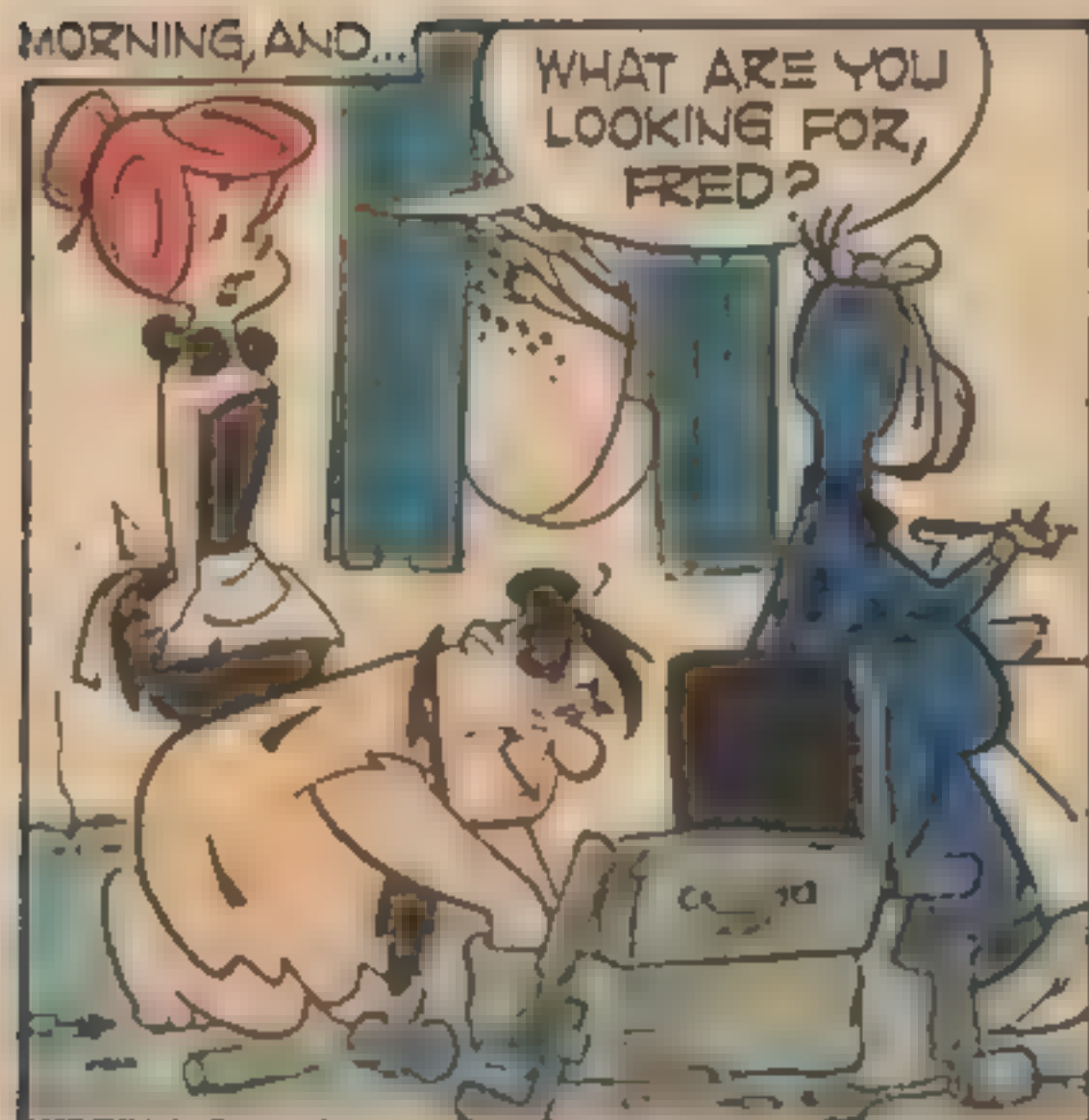
DID ANYONE EVER
TELL YOU YOU'RE
CHICKEN, FRED?

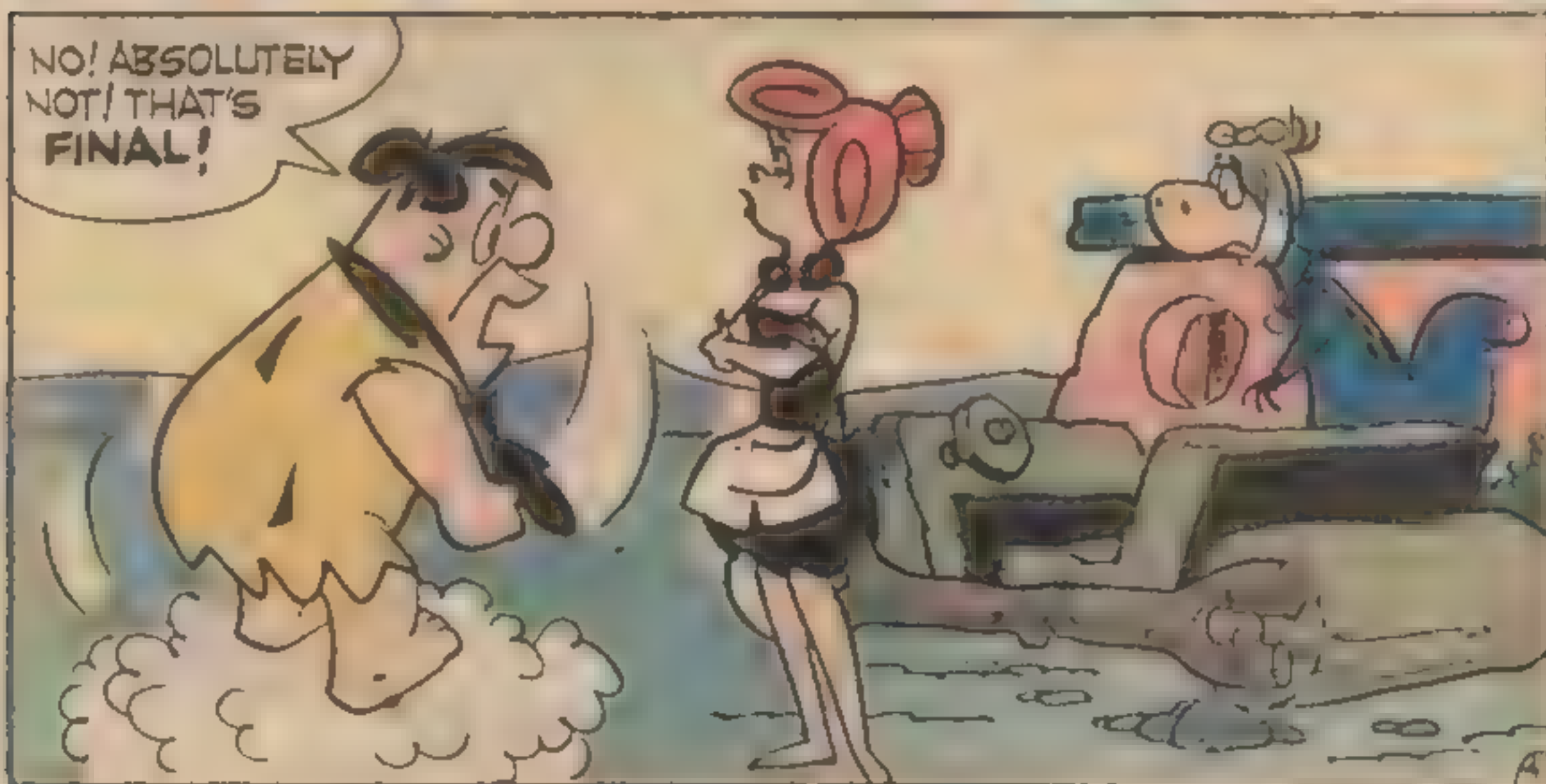
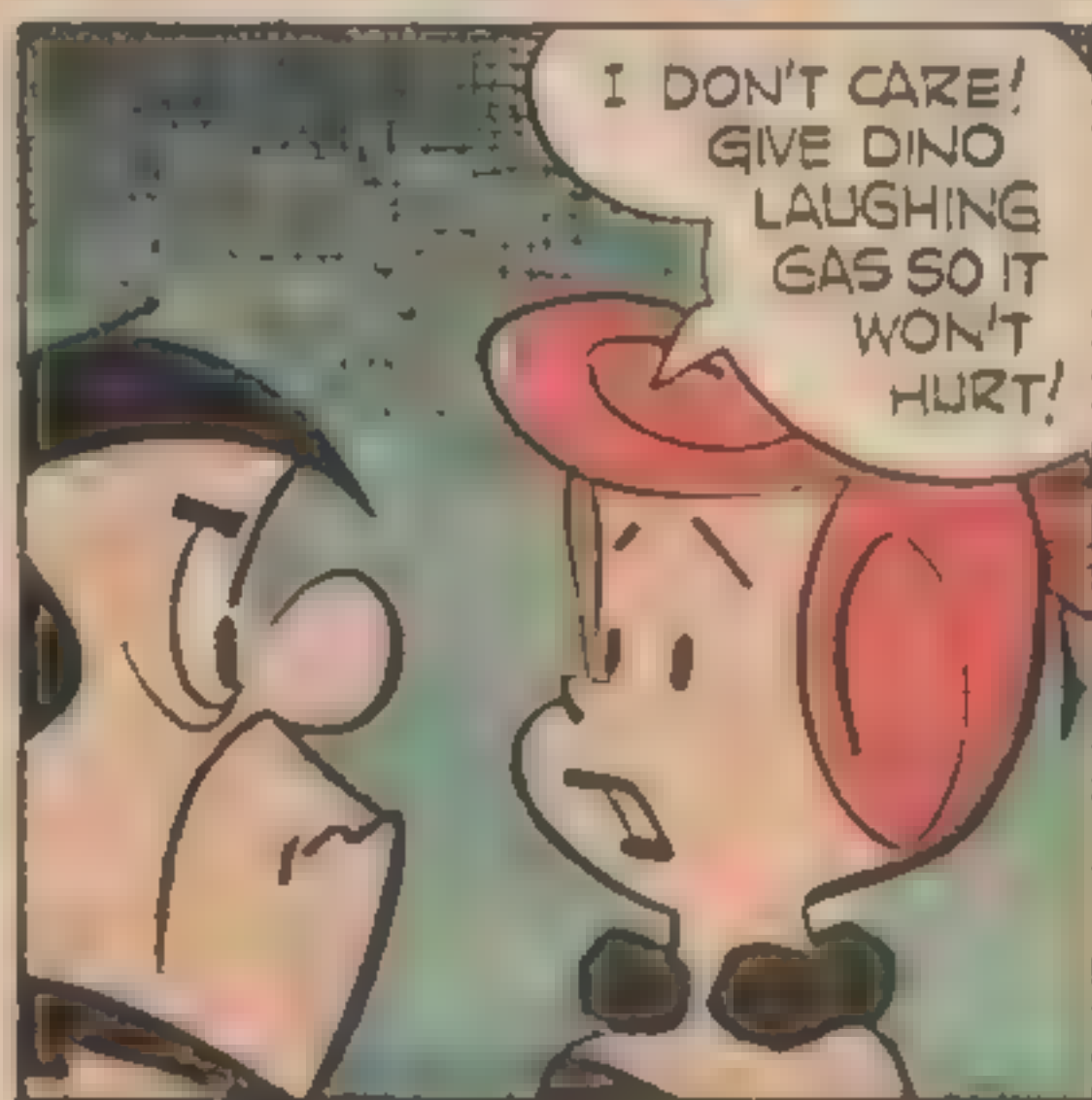
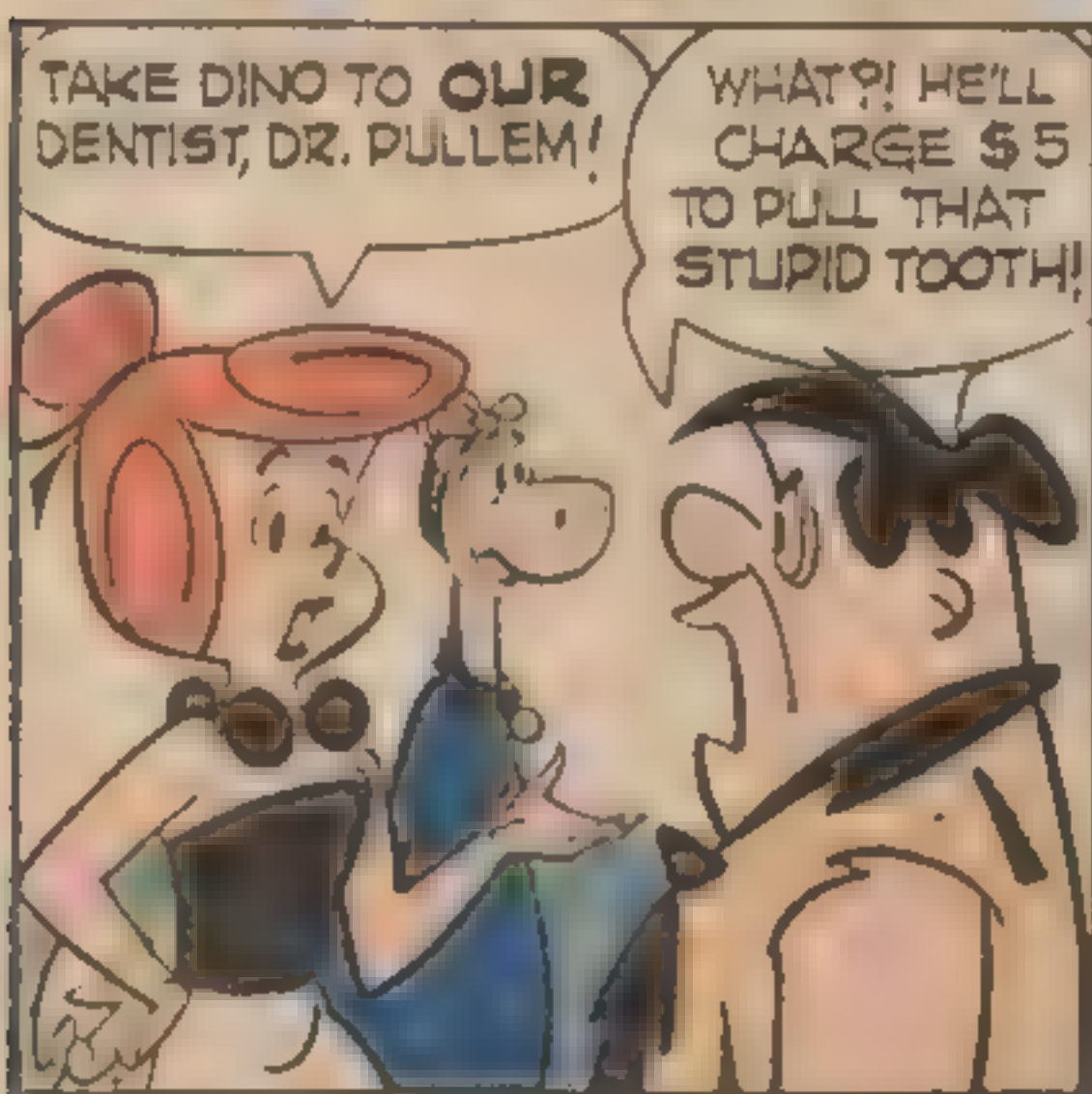
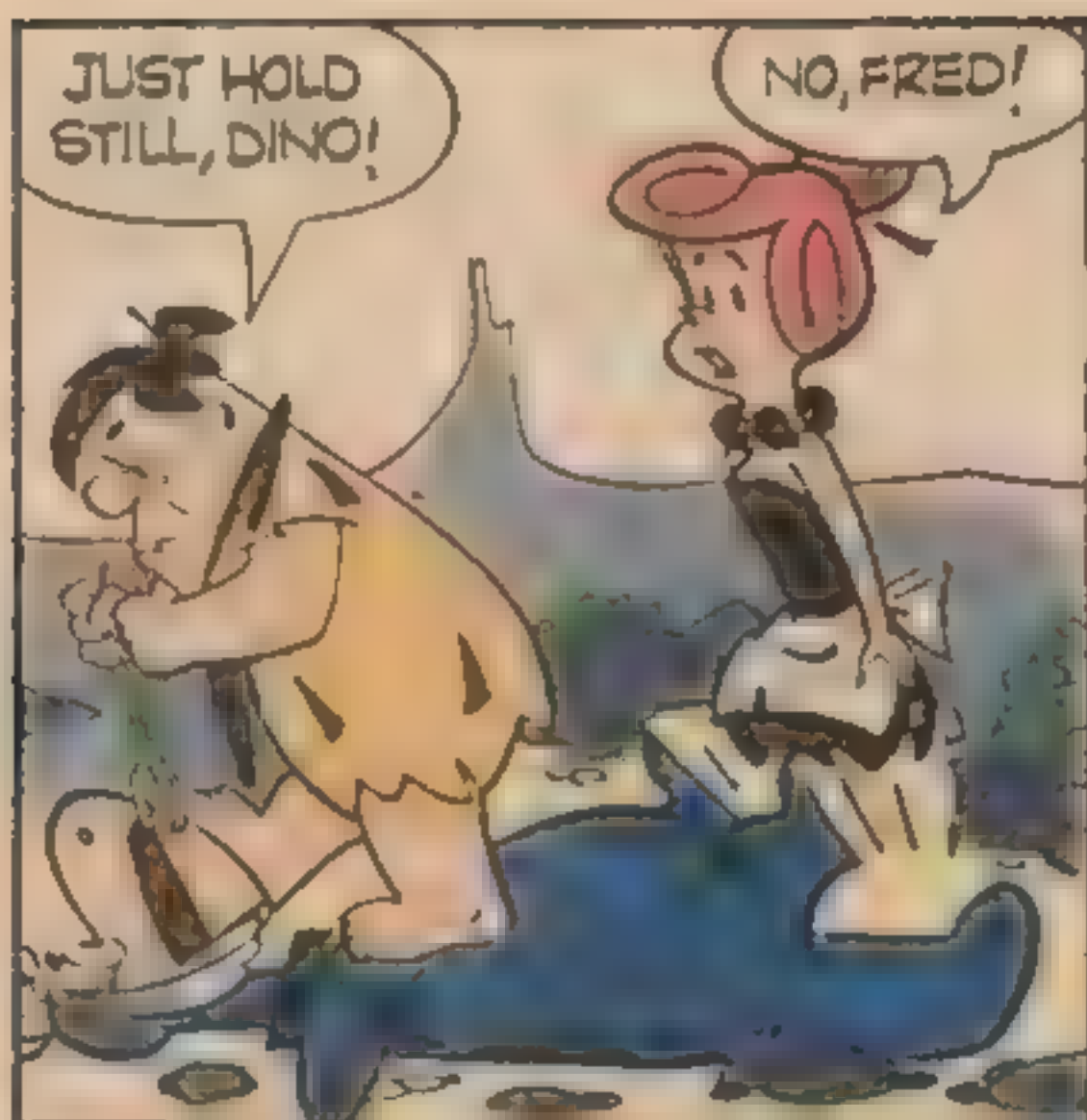
Y-Y-YEAH...
LOTS A
TIMES!



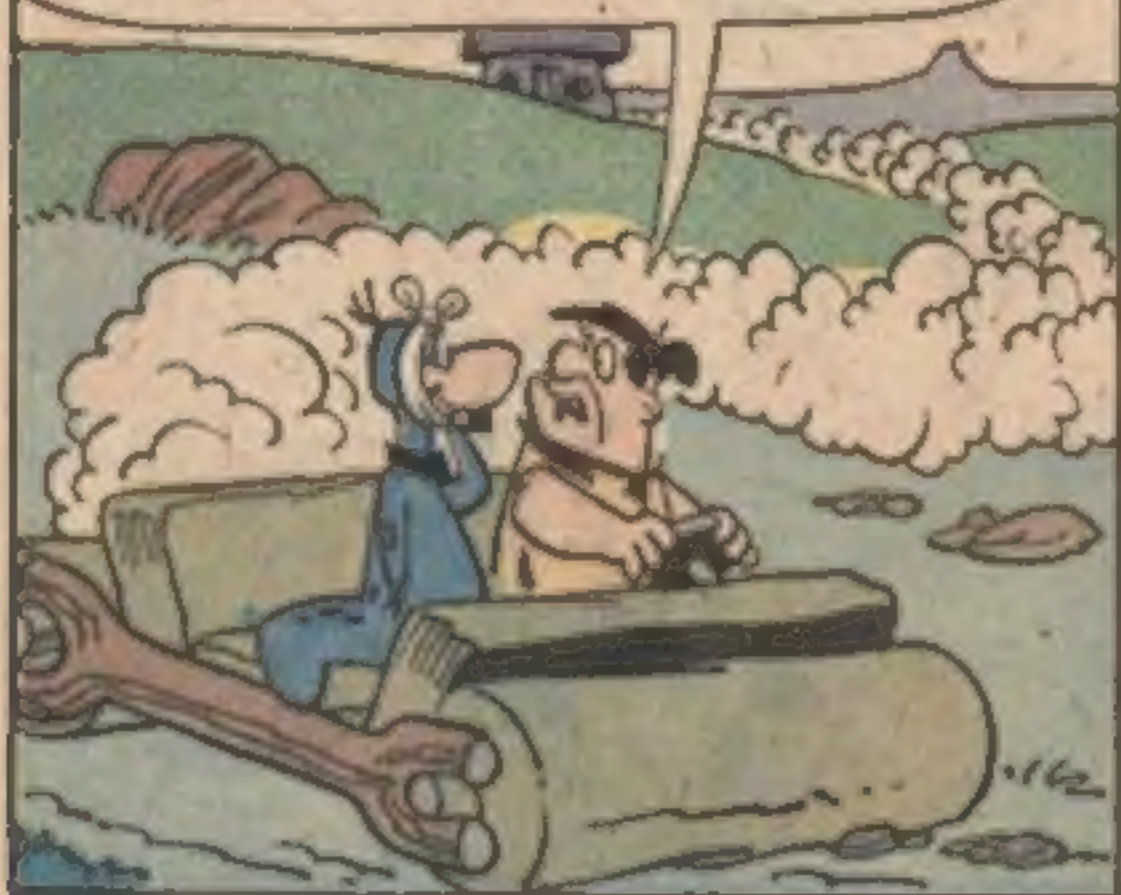


MORNING, AND...





QUIT LOOKIN' SO SMART,
HAMMERHEAD! I KNEW I WAS
GONNA DO WHAT SHE SAID TOO!



THIS WON'T HURT
A BIT, MR. BULGE...

SCREECHH



COME
BACK
HERE!

SOB

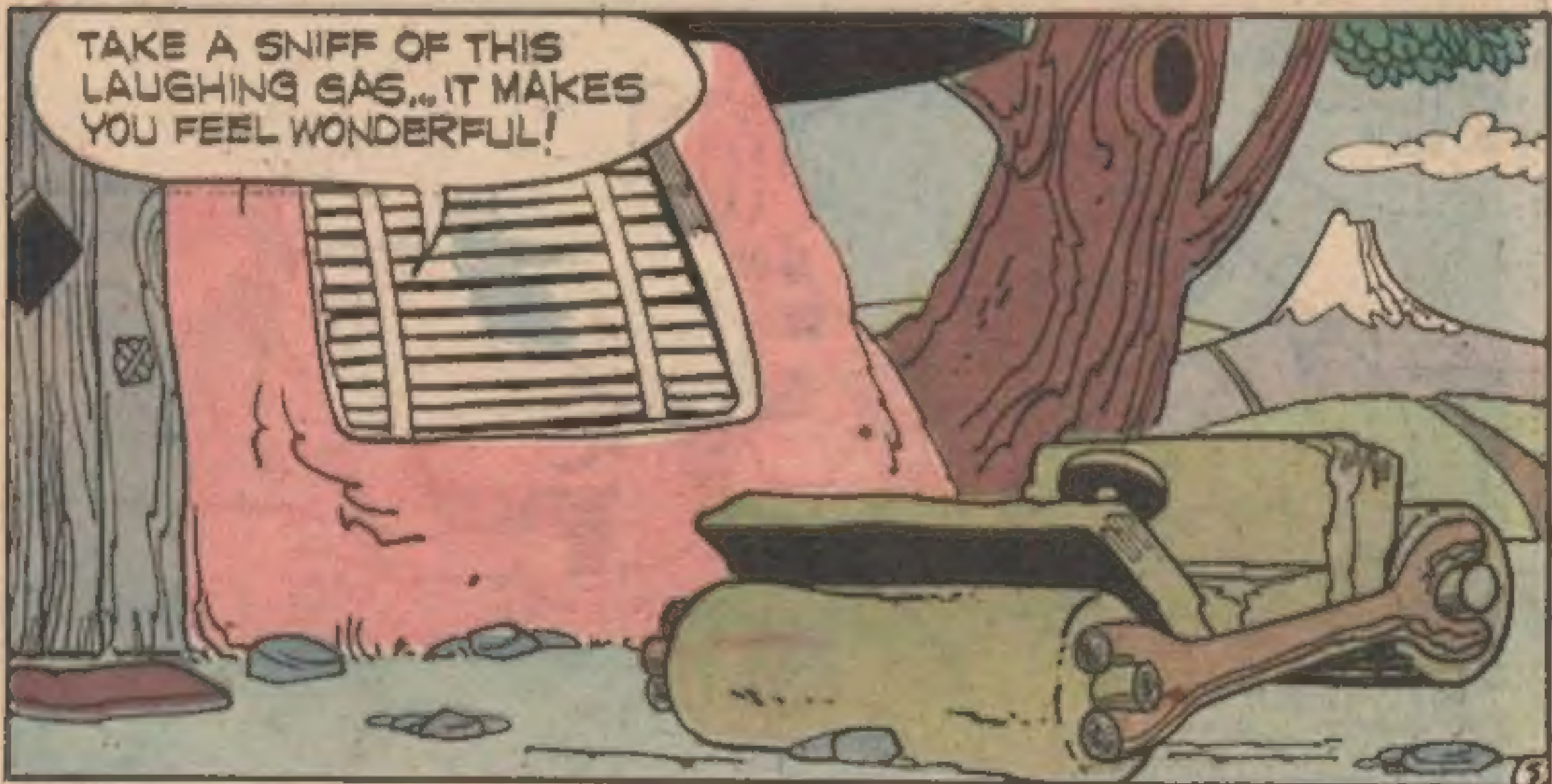


STEP RIGHT IN,
SIR...THE CHAIR
IS WAITING!

NOT SO FAST,
PULLEM! YA
GOTTA USE
LAUGHING
GAS!

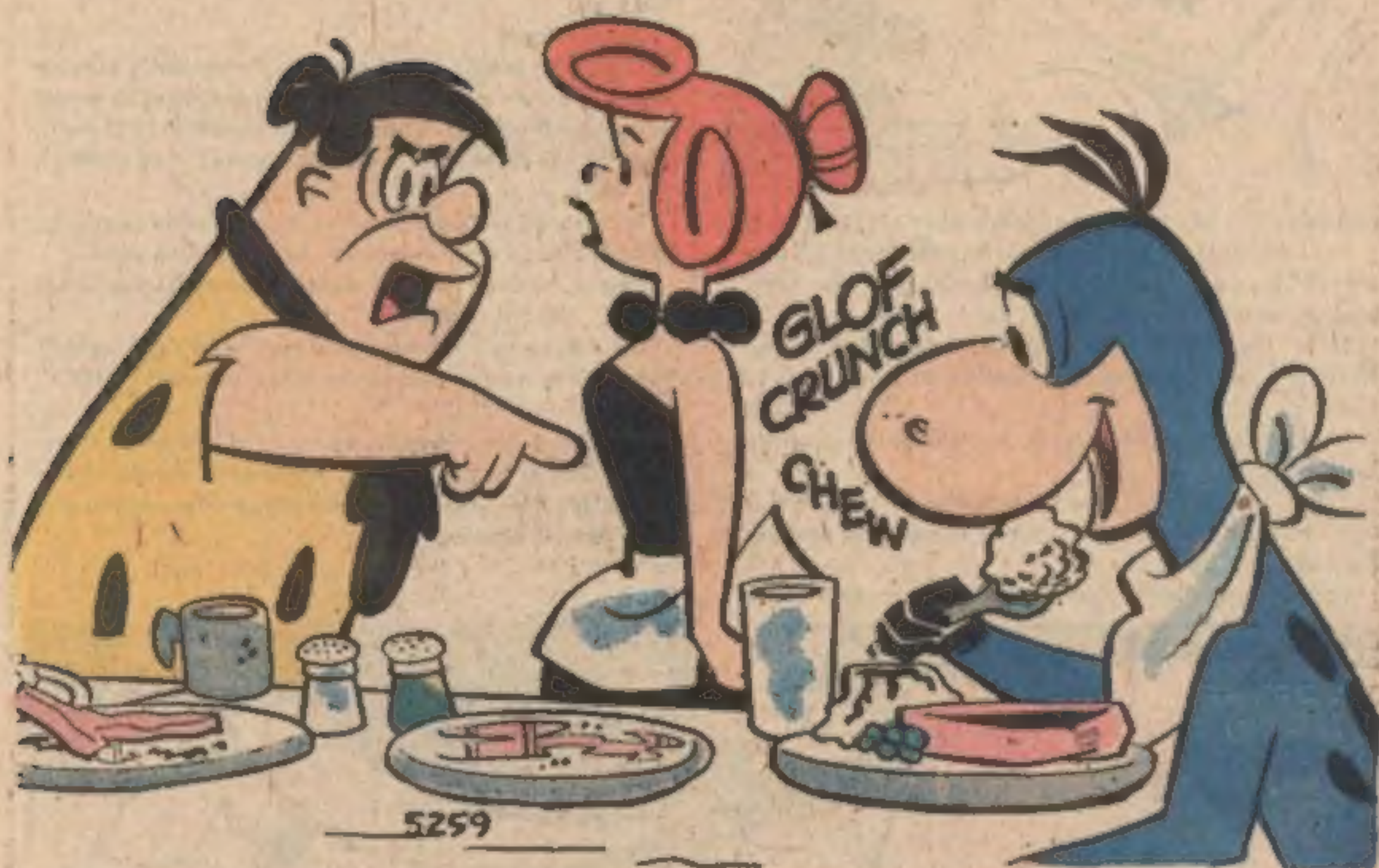


TAKE A SNIFF OF THIS
LAUGHING GAS...IT MAKES
YOU FEEL WONDERFUL!





The Witching Hour



Fred had finished his final rearing argument of the evening with Wilma. Pebbles was tucked in bed, Wilma had her hair up in curlers, and soon everyone was sound asleep.

Dino curled up in his usual spot and closed his eyes. Dino snored.

Soon, Fred was snoring too. In fact, everyone in the Flintstone house was sleeping peacefully.

But Dino wasn't really asleep. He was waiting. He heard the clock strike eleven, but he kept snoring. Better to play safe, he thought, and he kept snoring. But as he made the right noises, he mentally went over exactly what was available in the refrigerator.

There was the bronte roast, naturally. He could munch on a few odds and ends of that. And half a

chocolate cake. Hmmm. Fred was crazy about chocolate cake. He could eat all the chocolate cake, and Wilma would naturally assume Fred had eaten it and get the blame.

Dino snored louder and suppressed a laugh. The nicest part about raiding the ice box was in the morning when Wilma blamed Fred and he denied it. But Fred wasn't always sure he was innocent because once or twice in the past, Fred had walked in his sleep and cleaned out the ice box. Fred knew it, Wilma knew it, and ever since Dino had had a ball!

Now, it was past eleven. Dino opened his eyes and looked over at the bed. Fred was snoring loudly. Dino sneered. Fred had no class, not even when he slept.

Now, it was time. Dino tiptoed to the kitchen. He

took out the brenton roast, the chocolate cake, hesitated, then added a few more goodies. Might as well have a decent snack while he was at it.

He was just crunching on a nice brenton bone when he heard the whisper of stealthy movement. Dino gulped, trying to swallow, but he was too late.

Fred stood in the doorway. His face got redder and redder as he looked at Dino, the half eaten brenton roast, and the chocolate cake. Dino wasn't sure, but it



looked to him like steam was coming out of Fred's ears.

"So! So, this is what's been happenin' to all the chew!" Fred snarled. "I've had it with you, you lazy, useless, overgrown slob!"

From the bedroom came Wilma's voice. "Fred Flintstone, stop talking to yourself and come back to bed!"

Fred got even redder. Now, he was getting purple instead.

"No, I'm not talking to myself! I'm talking to this ugly mutt who's eating us out of house and home!" Fred shouted back.

Wilma appeared in the doorway. She looked at the

feed, at Dino with his mouth full, chewing vigorously, and then at Fred.

"You're right, Fred! Dino is guilty, but what were you doing in the kitchen at this time of night?" Wilma asked innocently.

Fred looked guilty, then made a quick recovery. "I ... er ... I thought I heard burglars!"

Wilma looked at Fred, and he tried to look innocent but he was lying. She knew it. And he knew she knew it. And Dino knew she knew that he knew it.

Fred suddenly got madder. "Anyhow, I said it before and I'll say it again! Dino has his own house outside and that's where he sleeps from now on."

Fred marched to the door, opened it, and pointed at Dino. "Out, ya hegesaurus! Sleep in your dine house from now on."

Dino began to cry. Sobbing, he got up and headed for the door. As he passed, Fred grinned and gave him a good beat in the tail. Dino yelped in pain, then started bawling even louder.

The kick hadn't hurt Dino. In fact, he had stuck his tongue out at Fred to get himself kicked. But the kick *did* hurt!

It hurt Fred!

Dino was wailing and sobbing pathetically outside when the door opened again and there was the sound of a much harder kick and a much louder yelp of pain. This time it came from Fred as he came flying through the door.

Fred stood outside, rubbing his backside tenderly. Wilma stood in the doorway, and she was mad.

"Now, both of you can sleep in Dino's house. Good night!" Wilma snapped.

Dino dove in his house and Fred was right behind him. In the tree above, an owlesaurus went WHOOO HOOO.

Dino and Fred, sworn enemies a minute before, clung to each other for they were both scared of the dark. This time when they started to snore, neither one was feeling around.

THE END

